43 NO. 5

MAY 1956

The Things in You I See

Dorothy J. Roberts

A silvered link to the past,
You hold
In quiet testament
The essence, gathered within your life,
Of its crystal, of its gold,
Its long, sweet labor, its frugal joys,
Its hand-sewn treasures,
Its country grace,
Its warmth that mellowed the fields and heart,
And lit your face.
These are the things in you I see:
The past, distilled,
Its goodness, its sweetness spilled
Into the depths of me.

The Cover: Casa Loma, Toronto, Canada
Photograph submitted by Leah H. Lewis

Frontispiece: Saxifrage Blossoms
Photograph by Ward Linton

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

How grateful I feel as I take a moment off to write you this letter. It is just a few heartfelt thanks for the spiritual uplift which has come to me from the *Magazine*, which I have been acquainted with throughout my life. My mother has been a faithful member of Relief Society, and the marvelous *Magazine* has never failed to appear in our home . . . . I have always had a personal interest in it because of articles and stories written by my aunt (Fay Ollerton Tarlock). This past summer I was called to the Rarotonga District of the Samoan Mission. Later my companion and I were called to open the island of Atiu, of the Cook Islands group . . . . Out here we are six hundred miles from our president . . . and we often need to turn to what written material we have, and *The Improvement Era* and *The Relief Society Magazine*. Bereft of news from home and advice from the supervising elders, the spiritual gain from these magazines is of great importance.

—Elder Carl A. Ollerton
Rarotonga, Cook Islands

I receive *The Relief Society Magazine* and enjoy it very much, as I enjoy Relief Society itself. Just finished reading the article on planning a Family Hour (March 1956) by Helen Gardner, and was happy to obtain some new ideas. My thanks for the help and pleasure I get from the *Magazine*.

—Kathryn Tanner
Woodland Hills, California

I feel I would like to write to say how much I appreciate your wonderful little book. A very dear cousin of my mother's — Mrs. A. S. Keetch of Logan, Utah, makes it her Christmas gift, and she has sent it for a number of years. After my mother has read it, she passes it on to me and, although not members of your Church, we find a great deal of pleasure and joy in its many interesting articles.

—R. Caldwell
Loughborough
Leicestershire
England

I do enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. The stories are wonderful, and I am so glad for the lessons as they have helped very much here in our small branch in the Central States Mission. We have one hundred per cent of our workers taking the *Magazine* and all of them think it is wonderful. It is a very nice way to preach the gospel to those who know so little about The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

—Mary J. Hatch
Hot Springs, Arkansas

I think *The Relief Society Magazine* is the best magazine offered by the Church, and by the world, for that matter.

—Evangeline Baddley
McKinnon, Wyoming

I have not seen my sister Willa Wagner since I was three years old, and then I noticed her picture with the Dublan Ward group, Juarez Stake, in the *Magazine* for February 1956, page 121, and wrote this poem as the thoughts came to me:

There was such joy in my heart today;
As I leafed through the *Magazine*,
My eyes scanned the stories and went on away
To the articles, poetry, lessons . . . .

O'er the pages I scanned on my way to the back,
But I stopped — it was something familiar—
My birthplace was written so large and so black,
I have not often seen it so written.

My dear gospel sisters, all thirty-one stood,
As I read the names written below—
There was in the picture one that's my own blood—
I've not seen her in twenty-six years

I hadn't so much as a picture yet seen,
Of my dear sister so far away—
I thank our old standby, the *Magazine*,
For giving this privilege to me.

—Lela Graves
Anaheim, California

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Hal Rumel

THE LOS ANGELES TEMPLE, CALIFORNIA

Dedication of the Los Angeles Temple

THE Los Angeles Temple, rising in beauty on a sloping hill adorned with olive trees, palms, flowers, and a reflecting pool, is the twelfth temple built during the dispensation of the fulness of times. Contrasting the conditions surrounding the building of the first temple—the Kirtland Temple—which was dedicated in March 1836, and that of this twelfth one, offer striking differences which reflect the history of the Church which the Lord foretold as "the rising up and the coming forth of my church out of the wilderness—clear as the moon, and fair as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners" (D. & C. 5:14). The Los Angeles Temple, previous to its dedication, was visited by 662,401 persons. All were welcomed and preserved a reverential silence as they viewed this edifice erected to the Lord by his restored Church to bring salvation and exaltation to both the living and dead that the earth might not be utterly wasted at the Lord's second coming.

President McKay personally offered the inspiring dedicatory prayer at each of the eight sessions of the dedication. Each service was an impressive and moving experience and a spiritual feast to those privileged to attend the different sessions, estimated to be a total of about 40,000 persons.

The monetary contributions of the saints of Southern California exceeded one million and six hundred thousand dollars. The general Church membership, however, through their tithes and offerings partook of the blessings and shared in the joy of accomplishment.

Rewards for Activity in the Church

Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson

Of the Presiding Bishopric

IT has been well stated that the things of greatest value in life are those that multiply when divided. The rewards of greatest worth are the ones that endure and bring not only immediate satisfaction but eternal joys.

Of material wealth, it is necessary to get and keep in order to have, but the accumulation of the riches of heaven comes about through unselfish giving and serving. In sharing our thoughts with others they thereby become our own. Our testimonies grow stronger as we express them in word or in action. Our feeling of appreciation grows through our expressions of appreciation.

Jesus taught that service and obedience to the laws of truth are the keys to happiness and that happiness is the desire of all men. We should read frequently the inspired words of Nephi, "Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy" (2 Nephi 2:25).

Happiness can be found only where it exists, and those who would have it must pay its price. Many seek blindly for eternal satisfactions along the byways of sin where they do not exist. Some expect the rewards of heaven and life without the willingness to pay the inevitable price. Others are satisfied with cheap substitutes that furnish momentary pleasure but have no lasting values. To leave the blazoned trail of life in search of shortcuts that do not exist is to transgress the laws of God and cut ourselves off from the very rewards for which we yearn.

"There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—

"And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated" (D. & C. 130:20-21).

There are some in the world whose eyes are closed to the true values and purposes of life. Their whole time is dedicated to the quest for wealth, pleasure, or power. They think of the dollar and its pleasure potential as the end of life rather than to think of wealth as a means to the greater end of happiness through service to others. They seek wealth for wealth's sake rather than to think of its possession as a power potential for building the kingdom of God and for serving our fellow man.

Activity in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is service of the highest order. Its assured rewards are satisfaction and happiness here and exaltation in the kingdom of our Father.

Activity in the Church, to be effective, must be characterized by unselfish devotion. The Lord in revelation makes this very clear.

> And no one can assist in this work except he shall be humble and full of love, having faith, hope and charity, being temperate in all things, whatsoever shall be entrusted to his care (D. & C. 12:8).

The chief concern of the earnest Church worker is for the welfare and happiness of others. Each assignment filled is a source of satisfaction. Each new task is a joyous adventure. To him activity in the Church is, in a measure, its own reward. The immediate feelings of accomplishment from the service rendered are well worth the effort expended. The promised future rewards are extra bonuses or surplus dividends.

The law of compensation is at work in the world. We reap as we sow. Obedience to law invariably brings immediate or deferred blessings. Transgression of the laws just as surely results in suffering and sorrow.

Salvation comes no cheaper to one than to another. We cannot hope for blessings equal to those earned by the pioneers with their many hardships and trials without diligence and obedience to fundamental principles equal to theirs. We may not be called to die for the gospel, nor to leave our homes, our families, or our friends. We may never be required to go cold or hungry or to face the dangers of the plains as they chose to do. We must, however, be willing to pay the price and prove our willingness through service and sacrifice of a different nature, if we would have divine rewards equal to theirs.

THE Church is the organization set up by the Lord through which he brings salvation to his children. Through the Church, opportunities for service are offered to all who will accept. The reward for such service is salvation which comes in direct proportion to the quantity and quality of the service rendered.

There are three distinct divisions of Church activity. Each division offers many opportunities for service, and ultimate salvation depends upon our active participation in each of them. We might classify these three fields of Church activity as that which we do for our own advancement, that which we do for the spiritual and temporal welfare of our fellow men, and the service we render for those who are in the world of departed spirits.

There are personal obligations that each individual has for his own welfare. He should seek truth through study and prayer. He should repent of weaknesses and transgressions. He should submit himself for baptism of water and of the spirit. He should listen and heed the promptings of the Holy Ghost. He should build a strong body by strict obedience to the laws of physical health that have been revealed from God. He should enlarge his mental capacities through study. He should expand his ability to enjoy the association of others. He should partake freely and frequently of that which gives growth to the spirit. There are fundamental obligations of obedience that each individual must adhere to if he would have the blessings of the gospel. Jesus, in directing his disciples to preach the gospel to every creature, said: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16).

Recently a Senior Member of the Aaronic Priesthood who had been long inactive in the Church ex-

pressed to a group of friends the wonderful joy that had come into his life through again becoming active in the Church. Tears welled up in his eyes and his voice faltered as he told of his past life and the mistakes he had made. For years he had not kept the Word of Wisdom. There had been no prayer nor religious interest in his home. There had been frequent marital misunderstandings. There had been lack of family loyalty. There had been no real objective in life. Each day was just another day, without purpose.

"And now," he said, "through study and secret prayer, I have received a conviction, an inner assurance that God is our Father, that we live beyond the grave, and that I may have my wife and family for eternity. This testimony is worth more to me than the riches of the world. It has given me inner peace and comfort that I could get in no other way. My health is better because I now live the Lord's laws of health. As a family we now love and enjoy each other as we never did before. We study, pray, and grow together. Life has taken on new meaning and purpose. I feel now that I am guided by an inner light. I pay my tithing and enjoy doing it. All this and more, too, because I washed the windows of my soul so that the light of faith could shine in. I repented of my sins so that I could have a remission of them through my baptism of water and the Holy Ghost which were performed for me many years ago."

As he bore his testimony, there seemed to be a heavenly glow upon his face. "Just think," he said, "the promises and blessings that obedience to the simple principles of the gospel have brought into my life. Imagine, Mary and the children, mine forever, and it all depends on me."

The rewards of individual obedience are many and wonderful.

AS members of the Church we have an obligation to look to the physical and spiritual needs of others. Ours is a missionary Church. Those who have been on missions know of the rewards that come as the result of missionary service. Satisfaction is a sure reward that comes to those who teach the gospel to others and who alleviate the pains and lighten the burdens of their neighbors.

Two women, one afternoon, stood in the bedroom of a very humble home. In the bed was a frail little mother. At her side was a sick child. Two other children played on the floor at the side of the bed. The women had just cleaned up the house and had served a nourishing meal to the little family. A box of groceries had been put on the table. The faces of the women reflected sympathy and love. Their eyes were filled with happy tears as they saw the look of appreciation on the face of the sick mother. This scene or similar ones are enacted many times every day throughout the Church, and words cannot describe the joy that comes from such service. Yea, they are rewarded who teach and serve their fellow men.

The third obligation of Church membership is to do work for those who are dead. From the revela-

tions of the Lord we can well understand the dependence that they who are in the spirit world place upon us who are mortal beings. Many of them are anxious to be baptized and receive the Holy Ghost. This they cannot do for themselves. They are dependent upon those still living to do this work for them. Many of them, no doubt, love those who were their mates in mortal life but whose marriage contracts and vows came to an end when death parted them. In order to have them for eternity, their endowments and sealings must be performed vicariously for them. Their dependence upon mortals is an opportunity for great service. To be baptized, ordained, endowed, or sealed for one who is dead is a privilege and a blessing. To contemplate the joy that such service insures for the ones in whose favor it is given is a source of satisfaction. These immediate rewards are worthwhile in and of themselves, but when we meet the benefactors of our vicarious ministrations face to face and receive their personal expressions of appreciation for the service we have rendered, we will indeed feel rewarded for our efforts.

Yes, many and great are the blessings that come from activity in the Church. To be active is to have the abundant life.

> And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones;
>
> And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;
>
> And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.
>
> And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them (D. & C. 89:18-21).

Remember well the promised rewards for activity in the Church. Forget not the Lord's supreme award for faithfulness: ". . . all that my Father hath shall be given unto him" (D. & C. 84:38).

Gift of Spring

Gene Romolo

The prisoning, icy fastness of the winter
Touched by the potent, magic wand of spring
Has vanished. There is not left, of it, a splinter.
Golden gossamer envelops everything.

Through the great expanse of earth is flowering
New life that wells with each recurring year,
And sentient husbandmen, with zeal are sowing
Ripe seeds from which rich harvests will appear.

Spring brings the gift of faith for our receiving . . . .
The fault is ours if we go unbelieving.

The Canadian Mission

Preston R. Nibley

EASTERN Canada is one of the earliest missionary fields of the Church. The first missionaries to cross the border from the United States were Joseph Young, Phineas Young, Eleazer Miller, and Elial Strong, who, in the summer of 1832, established a branch of the Church at Ernestown, Ontario. In December 1832, Joseph Young and his brother Brigham (who became the great pioneer President) established a second branch in Ontario, located at West Loboro.

In 1836, Parley P. Pratt, by special appointment, began missionary work in and near Toronto, Canada. There he made several notable converts, including John Taylor, who later became the third President of the Church, Joseph and Mary Isabella Horne, Joseph Fielding and his sisters Mary and Mercy. Mary Fielding later married Hyrum Smith and became the mother of President Joseph Fielding Smith.

The Prophet Joseph Smith, accompanied by Thomas B. Marsh, visited the branches of the Church, in and near Toronto, in the spring of 1837. Elder John Taylor took them in his carriage to visit the various branches. Of this experience he wrote: "This was as great a treat to me

Courtesy New Brunswick Travel Bureau

ARTS BUILDING AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Oldest University Building in Use in Canada

Photograph submitted by J. Melvin Toone

HORSESHOE FALLS ON THE CANADIAN SIDE OF THE NIAGARA RIVER

as I ever enjoyed. I had daily opportunity of listening to the rich store of intelligence that flowed continually from the Prophet Joseph."

After the removal of the Latter-day Saints to the West in the fall of 1847, most of the members in Canada emigrated to Utah. Missionary work there was carried on by the Eastern States Mission until April 1919, when the Canadian Mission was organized, with Nephi Jensen of Salt Lake City as the first president. A house was secured at 36 Ferndale Avenue, Toronto, which for many years served as the mission headquarters.

In 1930 there were 1,232 members of the Church in the Canadian Mission. In December 1955 this number had increased to 3,309, located in 34 branches. J. Earl Lewis is the present president of the Canadian Mission. There were twenty-two Relief Society organizations reported in December 1955. Leah Henrichsen Lewis presides over the Relief Society of the Canadian Mission.

Contest Announcements—1956

CONTESTS CLOSE AUGUST 15, 1956

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the general board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The general board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other. It is suggested that authors who plan to enter the contests study carefully the articles on story writing and poetry which appear in this *Magazine* and similar articles in the May issue, 1955, and in the June issues for the preceding nine years.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1956. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize $25
Second prize $20
Third prize $15

Prize poems will be published in the January 1957 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birth month of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board and employees of the Relief Society general board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. *A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the poem (state title) is the contestant's original work.
c. That it has never been published.
d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.

e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Message or theme
b. Form and pattern
c. Rhythm and meter
d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
e. Climax

10. *Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1956.*

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 16, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1956 opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1956.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

First prize $50
Second prize $40
Third prize $30

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1956. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board and employees of the general board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. (A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. *A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)
c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.
d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted else-

where for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation
b. Plot development
c. Message of the story
d. Writing style

9. *Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1956.*

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 16, Utah.

Poetry Is for People

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

POETS are lovers of life. The difference between poets and other lovers is that they are in love with all life, not just a single manifestation of it. They all have their creative periods and their fallow periods. All people are poets at times; nobody is a poet all the time.

Poetry is made of sympathy, compassion, understanding, observation, insight, vision, and technique. The more of these attributes any poem encompasses, the more "major" it is. A poem that has but one or two is minor or is only verse.

How much you see, how much you know, how high and wide your vision, compassion, and understanding extend is beyond my powers to increase. They are integral parts of the soul, and the soul's growth is an individual responsibility. I can help you to see the necessity of increasing observation, and observation covers more than sight. It is a matter of using all the senses and compassion as well. It can be trained, encouraged, and extended. Also, I can help make you aware of technique. The rest relies upon how much of a poet you really are.

Training and Practice

Poetry technique is more exacting today than ever before. Competition is keener. Readers are more demanding. But you should be your own most demanding reader. A poem is so intricate a thing that the best help a student can receive is that given on a poem by poem basis with a competent and sympathetic teacher. Thus faults are underlined, line by line, word by word, letter by letter. A student is taught to understand the effects of vowel sounds, and the various effects of consonant combinations. He is given practice on verse forms, verse devices, climaxes, titles, and endings. Each student then has his attention drawn to the specific faults and can concentrate on each

instead of wondering dazedly what ails the poem, why it doesn't "come off." He studies with deep concentration, not only of mind but of emotion and memory, until the loveliest, the truest way to express the feeling and idea come through. I had one sonnet I worked on for four years, again and again, before I realized that the difficulty lay with one image which was too active and was therefore foreign to the mood of the poem if not to the thought. When I sacrificed that image, of which I was so fond, and substituted one that fitted the "fruits" I had begun with, I had a successful sonnet that won a national prize. A really fine poem uses all a poet's faculties, thinking, feeling, till the idea, the emotion, and the finished poem are one integrated whole.

The Creative Process

Sometimes the process is so automatic that the poet is not aware of the effort. Sometimes it is a slow and arduous task. Sometimes it eludes the creator entirely and waiting is the only answer. But, always, the poem must be more important at the moment than its creator's ego, so that he will devote himself to its perfection without resentment.

Remember that whatever any teacher may say of the creative process, it may not necessarily be true of all poets at work, nor is it true every time with any one. It is an intangible thing almost impossible to tether and control, but it must be channeled to get the best results. Obviously, what we say is wasted if it does not reach the reader. Reaching the reader is the chief function of technique. It polishes the idea, cuts it to perfection for the best reflection of its lights and life, and makes it real in a modern setting.

The Language of Poetry

The chief ingredient of a poem is utter honesty. Good technique will abide no shams, no hollowness, no antiquated, outgrown phrases. It speaks in the language of its day. Since we would not use expressions like *o'er, ere, 'twill,* or any other affectation from grandmother's day in speech, our poems will appear false and queer if such appear therein, as queer as you would look if you went shopping in grandmother's leg-o-mutton sleeves and velvet bonnet.

The Author and the Poem

Your poem must be vital. It must be warm with life, catch a moment of drama, and hold up to view some new interpretation of truth or wider vision. It must have something of the universal so that others can identify the experience with their own and relive it with you, and it must have something that is wholly you.

You come through your poem in many ways. It tells the reader whether you are a positive or negative thinker, what interests you, whether you are compassionate or indifferent. The imagery and subject matter reflect your background, your interests, your experiences, and your knowledge. Usually, for instance, it would seem false for a poet to describe a Utah scene that contains a nightingale or a skylark. The birds that fit the region add a note of authenticity to your scene and to what you want it to say. The

wider the poet's knowledge of all the sources from which he draws his images, the truer they are and the more effective. He has put a bit of the flavor of his own region into it and created something new.

A Poet's Preparation

Therefore, a poet extends his reading. A budding writer once asked Mary Ellen Chase what was the best preparation for writing, and Mary Ellen answered, "Reading." When asked what should be read, Miss Chase answered, "Geography, history, and the Bible."

I would add to that a good background in botany to sharpen the eye to nature's wonders and their relationship to human behavior. Or, at least, one should be intimately acquainted with a garden, the fields, and the woods, and their plant and animal life.

Sources of Poetry

Where do ideas come from? From everywhere. Anything that moves you is likely to move others. Some of my poet friends keep notebooks into which they jot down some idea for some future poem. But when I walk or read I am a great reservoir into which all these streams flow. If I see a possibility for a poem, it *is* a poem idea, immediately and explosively. The range of human reaction is so wide it is virtually impossible to tell anyone else how to write.

In reading the poetry of others, one should be on guard against reflecting the author instead of oneself. Poems that spring from reading may come from being reminded of an experience of one's own, or from a passionate disagreement with the author's interpretation or conclusion. The conception must be one's own.

Poetry is a labor of devotion. The creator should enjoy the creation so much that no amount of criticism, study, revision, or rejection will discourage him for long, and no other pay is really necessary to his happiness. For poetry is like mothering, we give as a mother gives, mostly unaware of whether it pays or not. If we fill the needs of the readers our poetry will find its place. If we have something that is beyond the reader's present needs, we must still be true to ourselves and our talent and give to it all we have. In this way we may eventually serve others as well as ourselves, and we do not bury or neglect our talents.

Composing Poetry

Here are a few practical suggestions. Say you want to reproduce a scene in poetry. Paint it as a painter would, with highlight, center of interest, and a single emotional effect, as peace, silence; a single color contrasted with its opposite — a golden poplar against a blue sky, the mellow smell of apples, the pungency of marigolds, the tang of chrysanthemums, the plum's deep purple fragrance. Then turn it to say something:

Oh, surely, some gold stays when there's so much!
Some gold the heart can hammer to a shield
To fend off spears that grosser days may wield.

Or, again, you may take a single image and hang the whole poem on it, like "Autumn is a scarlet bird." Then you have its colors. You can vary their tones on his

crest and head, and you can let him escape as the beauty of autumn does.

"Free" Verse

A word about "free verse." Some people find this form easier to write. Some also find it easier to read. But remember that freedom means only the right to discipline oneself. Poetry must be disciplined. It is untrue that the "free verse" writer's thoughts are too profound to fit into conventional form. Surely, the average "free-versifier" does not think more profoundly than Milton. He just hasn't mastered his tools as well. The natural discipline of having to say what must be said within the given bounds of a certain form helps the poet to discipline himself.

So let us conclude that in writing poetry we sharpen our senses, our understanding, our insight, and our knowledge. We write sincerely of things we know and of ideas about which we feel deeply. We write with economy of words, because by so doing we deepen the concentrate of the poem itself as the carbon was compressed under great pressure to become a diamond. We write in the language of our day, because it is the only language we know and the one that our readers expect and have a right to find. We study poetic technique until it is second nature for us to use it when we need it—as the child who has heard only fine English speaks well without consideration of grammar. We catch the reader's interest with an intriguing title and opening phrase, hold it with a greater or lesser amount of drama of idea, or scene, interpret it by implication, and conclude on a high note. Then we satisfy ourselves, our readers, and look back upon the poem with pride long after the heat of composition has cooled. Poetry is a soul-satisfying hobby and to some of us it may be a mission.

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Cheerfulness Is Always Right

Anne S. W. Gould

WE have absolutely no right to annoy others by our various moods. Let the prevailing mood be cheerful and serene; keep your other moods to yourself, or better still, get rid of them.

So You Want to Write a Story!

Frances C. Yost

"HOW long does it take to write a story?" a dear sister asked me, after reading one of mine published in our beloved *Relief Society Magazine*.

I pondered her question for a moment, for I had never kept track of the hours that go into the making of a story. Then, with a bit of a twinkle in my eye and a bushel full of sincerity, I replied: "It takes a lifetime of living; a few days of research; a day or two at the typewriter; a few weeks of polishing and perfecting, and sometimes years to jell . . . and sell."

True, it *is* downright hard work to write stories. Louisa M. Alcott said: "Writing is harder work than digging ditches." Those who have tried their hand at writing for publication will agree with her. Someone with more wit than I, has said: "Writing is ninety-nine per cent perspiration, and one per cent inspiration."

Writing, however, is rewarding, not only because of a cash reward, at times, but because of a feeling of creating something, akin to the joy of an inventor.

A published story is a little like a finished crochet cover. When it is completed, the beauty of a crochet piece can be shared with every person who enters your home. But the creating of a story is more far reaching. Your story can go *into* many homes, yes, thousands of homes, and be enjoyed.

When I write a story, I try to write the kind of story which will be welcomed into a fine, clean, wholesome home — a story a mother would be proud to read to her growing family.

A journalism teacher once told me this, which I pass along for what it is worth: "A writer has to decide early in his career, if he is going to write for money, or if he is going to write because he has something worthy of the telling." The latter is much, much more important, and, if writing is well done, monetary recompense will usually follow.

Professor Quivey of the University of Utah, who gave me my start in fiction, said: "Write about what you know." That is good advice for any form of writing, be it columns, newspaper reporting, articles, or poetry. But it is even more important in fiction, or short story writing.

Let us chart our course for writing a short story. First we need a fresh idea, a plot so new that a reader can never recall anything just like it before. Then we need to create characters to act out the plot. We need to make scenes which are as realistic as the seasons themselves, where the characters can live and breathe. Then, last, we must turn our characters loose to work, to scheme, to live the plot to the inevitable ending.

Plotting for a Plot

To define a plot, we can say it is a theme for our story. In other words, it is a problem, and the so-

lution of that problem. There must be trouble brewed and trouble solved to the satisfaction of the characters in the story, as well as to the readers, to say nothing of the writer and editor.

So, to start a story, we must have a fresh, wholesome plot. It is best to get the thread of the story from real life. Perhaps it may be an incident from your own life, or from someone in your family, your ancestors, or the little couple down the street. It may be the teenagers you teach in English class. Whatever it may be, it must have a problem, and a logical solution to that problem. To write a story that lives, the plot must indeed have life. So take your plot, or thread of your story, from real life, never from something which you have read. There is a law, and there are penalties against literary borrowing, called plagiarism.

Creating Characters

Now that you have the plot, or thread of your story, well in mind, the second part is to pick the characters for the story. The main character, who has the trouble and who will solve the problem, and those characters with whom he comes in contact in the events of the trouble and the solution. Make the characters live. They cannot be puppets whose strings you will pull on a stage. Your characters must be flesh and blood; they must be created by you, your very brain children.

If you put your next door neighbor in a story, be very guarded, as she may recognize herself. You must make your characters truly your own, of your own creation. Those characters must live and breathe their parts. If your main character weeps, the writer must feel the sting and the misery that the character feels.

Characters must be described. I like to describe my characters as they appear, and through the eyes of the viewpoint character in the story. For example, if the heroine sees the hero come upon the scene, let her tell in her own words how he looks, not you, the narrator.

It is well to remember in characterizing, that people will do the logical thing, the thing which is in harmony with their personalities, their backgrounds, and their training. If your character is stingy, don't expect him to turn tail in a short story and be a spendthrift. He might change in a lifelong novel, but not in a short story. If a character is a hothead, then let him solve his problem in a hotheaded manner. Coolness and calmness will not come as a halo to envelop him even in the story you write. Things happen logically, even in stories, or the story doesn't jell and become a satisfying and integrated portrayal of life.

Dividing a Story Into Scenes

Now that you have the thread of your story, or should we say, plot; and you have your characters, at least the main one; you are ready to turn your thoughts to dividing your story into scenes. As the playwright divides his play into acts, so should you dramatize your story in short, well-developed sections.

The first scene should reveal the trouble, and the closer to the begin-

ning of the story it appears, the better. Dramatize, don't tell, what is wrong. Don't tell what happens, let it happen. Make the reader's heart sympathize for the characters in distress.

The second scene will vary with every story. It may be a brief flashback, a reversion which might go back into the childhood of the leading character. The flashback should have bearing on the trouble, as well as develop the plot and suspense. Some stories are told entirely in the flashback, except for the beginning and the ending, but this technique is difficult to master and is usually not so effective as direct narration. Whatever the scenes are, they should be worked out systematically, dramatically, and filled to the limit with interest and feeling. The question might arise as to how many scenes to have in a story. The answer is: as few as the story requires for its completion. Three to five scenes may be sufficient in a three thousand word story.

The last, and of course the most important scene, is the finale, which, ideally, may solve the problem to the satisfaction or acceptance of the leading character, the writer, the editor, and the reader.

That is all there is to writing a story, except the things which make a story live and breathe.

Making a Story Live and Breathe

It would be foolish to say that an effective short story could be written by planning a plot, creating characters, dividing the story into scenes, and then writing it. It would be just as foolish to say a story can be written by blind and witless tapping on typewriter keys.

There is no exact recipe for writing a story. It depends almost entirely upon the writer's temperament, the way her mind works, and the experiences through which she has passed. It is a matter of personality, background, ability, and training rather than one of definite directions.

I can, however, suggest a five-point check, to test a finished story. If you can answer yes to each question, there is a chance you have an effective story:

1. Have you put the leading character in a dilemma from which there is no way out without effort, sacrifice, or a strategic decision?

2. Have you made the character take the wrong path, or make mistakes, until she is brought up with a jolt to the realization she must do something about her problem?

3. Has she gone through dark moments when everything looked confusing, and it seemed impossible for her to find a solution to her predicament?

4. Has she, just before the climax, encountered still another difficulty, the biggest one possible?

5. Then, in the climax, did the events work out logically, whether or not the forecast is for complete happiness, or a lighted path toward future accomplishment?

If you cannot answer yes to these considerations, it may be advisable to revise your story or plan a new one.

Who Should Write

No person should tell another, "You should not write." Who are

we to judge another's untried potential talent? There may be a talent hidden in a person that only failures will bring to the surface. If there is no talent, time and discouragement will prove it to the aspiring writer.

At any rate, the story within you, can only be written by you. No one else can write it. You can tell your story to a writer, but when it is written it is the author's story, not yours. No one else can put your heartbeat there. So, the story within you, burning to be written, must be written by you.

The road to writing is marked with stones of discouragement. She who chooses to write must Spartanize herself, toughen her spirit to take those stones of discouragement in her stride, as she climbs ever upward and onward. She must teach her ego to compromise between what she wants to write and what may be acceptable and desired by her publishing medium.

It has been said: "A writer must learn to live mentally and emotionally to the greatest depths and heights, then translate the product of living into manuscripts that add to the living of others."

Last, a woman who chooses writing as a hobby, along with her career as a wife and mother, should decide early to keep writing strictly as a hobby, and never envy women who have decided to follow it as a full-time career. She should never write when her conscience tells her she is neglecting her family duties. She must believe that writing brings satisfying and worthwhile results only when she follows the ideals of her womanhood and apportions her time, talent, and energy into channels of lasting achievement.

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Song From the Rim of Silence

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

The rancher quells his radio,
The red barn, wrapped in starry hush,
Is outlined by the moon's ripe glow,
And silence leans where shadows brush
From pasture land to terraced hill;
But none requests the mockingbird
Be still.

Who Sings the Lullaby

Rosa Lee Lloyd

CICILY Burke Adams sat at her polished mahogany desk and sighed contentedly. Everything in her life was just the way she wanted it. At last.

She was back in the business world as Mr. Holvorson's private secretary; her three children, Stuffy, just fifteen months, Susan, past three, and Linda almost five, were in the capable hands of her friend Nan Jeffery; and Hank her husband, bless his big, obliging heart, was *almost* contented with the setup.

At least, she thought, ignoring her apprehension, he didn't scold about it anymore.

Her beautiful fingers with the long crimson nails went through the morning reports. She hadn't told Hank she had promised Mr. Halvorson, when he took her back last month, that she would work for him permanently.

She lifted her head, listening. Mr. Cromer from San Francisco was in Mr. Halvorson's private office. Cicily hoped they had everything settled before noon. It was Saturday, and she wanted to go to the beach with Hank and the children.

Cicily looked around at the elegant office. This was where she belonged. This was where she reigned like a well-dressed queen and she was well dressed, she thought.

Her clothes were expensive, of course, but Kale Halvorson insisted that his secretary look expensive, and he expected her to be gay as well as efficient.

"And my secretary must be available at all times," he had told her. "We don't punch time clocks in this office."

Cicily lifted her dark head proudly and mentally patted herself on the back. She hadn't acquired all this without a struggle; arguments with Hank, disappointments about getting home to dinner and calling off holiday arrangements with the children—like this week end when Hank wanted to go to the beach, but she might have to work with Mr. Cromer. She wasn't sure yet. She and Hank had argued about it, but, as usual, she had won him over.

The corners of her mouth turned up. There weren't many young women of twenty-six who had everything; the love of a good-looking husband, a coach at Westhill's College; the love of three joyous children; a beautiful home in the Fairmont Park district; a friend like Nan to tend the children; and a job that meant success, compliments, and more money. And she had Aunt Flo, her mother's sister, who had always been a real mother to her, as her mother was away so much.

Cicily reached for the memoranda pad and made a note: Call Aunt Flo tomorrow, Mother's Day. Always when she thought of motherhood, Aunt Flo came softly into her mind, like the wistful fragrance of violets growing beside the old

house in Clayview of Aunt Flo's, where she had spent her childhood when her mother left her to go to New York to work as a designer.

Aunt Flo had been widowed at twenty-five, when she had four stalwart sons. She had always been home when Cicily and the boys came home from school and, by some remarkable coincidence, she was usually just taking a pan of gingerbread from the oven or whipping the cream for apple tarts.

Cicily bit her lip. She was getting sentimental. She had done her own part as a mother — three children in six years. Now she could sit back and gather her laurels. She was where she really belonged, right here in Kale Halvorson's office.

She looked at the door as Mr. Halvorson came out with Mr. Cromer, a big, gray-haired man with peaked eyebrows.

"Sorry you can't stay over," Mr. Halvorson was saying, and his voice told her he had closed the deal satisfactorily. That meant Mr. Cromer would be leaving town. Cecily was thinking joyously that it was the last appointment for the day; she could leave early and take the children to the beach. She wouldn't call Hank, she'd make it a surprise!

AN hour later, Cicily hurried down the pathway toward her home. She whistled. She hummed. She tossed her work to the wind until Monday morning — she could be a little mother to her heart's content. They'd all roll on the beach and build castles in the sand, and when the children were asleep she and Hank would dance at the Pavilion. Her heart lifted at the thought of this long week end with Hank and the children.

She put her finger on the doorbell, listening for the customary gallop of little feet, the delighted hubbub of little voices, the swoop of love that would envelop her.

But the door didn't open even at the third long ring.

Cicily leaned against the door frame. Disappointment seeped through her. The grocery store? Nan liked to select the groceries personally on Saturday. But would she take the whole family with her while she did the marketing?

And Hank? Had he gone golfing? He had been restless lately. She remembered his brooding eyes during their argument last night.

Oh, well, they'd be back soon, she thought, regaining her poise as she opened the door with her passkey.

She went through the hallway. Why was it so dark in here at this time of day? And then she noticed the drapes at the windows were drawn together the way she left them when they were going to the beach for the afternoon.

Cicily spun around in the middle of the living room and raced to the kitchen. The picnic basket was gone from the top of the cupboard!

No, she thought, Hank wouldn't do a thing like this! He wouldn't just pile Nan and the children into the car and drive out to the nice cool lake. He would have phoned her. But maybe he had tried to phone her, and she had already left the office. He would think she had gone with Mr. Halvorson and Mr. Cromer.

She walked with a dull ache back

to the living room and sat down on the settee. She kicked off her shoes and curled up kitten-fashion. The place was like an empty shell.

Her arms ached to cuddle Stuffy's little body, to feel Susan's hands tug at her, to hear Linda say: "Mumsy! You're home! Oh, goody!" Linda's voice always bubbled, but when she said this there was something more, a sort of reverence.

Cicily leaned back and closed her eyes. She could see them riding along in the cream-colored convertible. Hank liked to ride with the top down on a bright day like this. Stuffy would be standing up in the front seat, no doubt, squeezed up tightly against his dad, one chubby arm around his neck and the other arm around Nan. Linda and Susan in their ruffly little blouses and tiny jeans and those cute little blue outing caps she had bought for them last week, would sit in the rear seat with the huge wicker picnic basket.

SHE wondered what Nan had worn, but Nan would still be Nan no matter what she had worn. Her husband's plane had crashed last winter. He was making a slow recovery in the hospital and that was why Nan was able to take over for Cicily. Nan wanted a home and children of her own and was praying for the day Rod could come home.

Cicily went nervously through the house, hoping Hank had left a note for her, but there wasn't a message of any kind. They had simply gone away. She tried to think what Aunt Flo would do in a situation like this. That had always been a half-humorous, but very workable motto with Cicily, when she had a problem. What would Aunt Flo do?

Aunt Flo would get busy. She would *do* something. But *what*, Cicily wondered.

The house was spotlessly clean and her clothes and the children's were in order. What was there to do? Mr. Halvorson didn't need her today, Hank and the children didn't need her.

Her heart turned over and was suddenly very quiet. She sat down limply on her bed and stared out of the window. *Hank and the children didn't need her.* They were out on a picnic having fun; Hank would build a fire on the beach and they would put weiners on sticks and toast them until they were crunchy brown. If Stuffy got tired, Nan would cuddle him in her arms and sing to him until he went to sleep.

The long afternoon dragged by. Hour by hour. Cicily read the morning paper, she turned the dial of the radio aimlessly. Nothing interested her. At four o'clock she poured a glass of milk and opened the cookie jar. It was filled with cookies shaped like witches and brownies with creamy white frosting for eyes and mouths. She could almost hear the children squeal with joy when they saw them. Nan had probably made them for tomorrow. Aunt Flo had made cookies like this when Cicily was a little girl.

She took her milk into the living-room and looked around for something to read. There were children's books piled on the table near the chair where Nan always sat. Cicily looked at the one on

top: "Bo-Bo and the Starry-Eyed Kitten."

"Bo-Bo," she repeated. That was the word Stuffy had said last night when she came home from the dinner Mr. Halvorson had given at the Brokers Club. She had gone into Nan's room to kiss Stuffy goodnight. He had been standing up in his crib, his fat little hands holding to the wooden bars as he bobbed up and down, gleefully.

"Bo-Bo! Bo-Bo! Bo-Bo!" he had chanted.

Nan had been undressing Susan, and Linda was taking off her shoes.

"Oh, listen!" Linda had said, suddenly, clapping her hands. "Stuffy can say Bo-Bo. Isn't that wonderful, Mumsy? Nanny reads it to us!"

Cicily had thought nothing about it at the time. But now, it wasn't the word Bo-Bo that pinched her heart, but the way Linda had said "Nanny."

It was natural, she assured herself, for children to nickname the one who was with them all the time — the one who read them little stories, patted their little bruises, made them sugar cookies shaped like brownies and witches.

She put the book down with a thump. She was getting silly. This silent house was enough to make anyone nervous.

THE telephone rang. She reached for it eagerly. It might be Hank.

But it wasn't. It was Kale Halvorson.

"Glad you were in," he said briskly. His voice had the tight, held-in tone that meant something big was in the making.

"The Severage option comes up tomorrow at a private meeting in Denver," he went on. "I just got a wire. Looks like the smartest thing we can do is be on the spot. We'll leave here by plane tomorrow."

He sounded as impersonal as though he were relating their plans into a dictaphone.

Cicily's heart rebelled against it. She couldn't go away on Sunday, and it was Mother's Day, too. Hank would be very angry.

"I'll have a cab pick you up at two o'clock tomorrow," Mr. Halvorson concluded.

Cicily felt anger mounting in her. This was ridiculous. Halvorson acted as though he owned her; as though she didn't have a life of her own; as though Mother's Day wasn't the most important day in the year. Hank and the children had been planning on it for weeks—it was *her* day!

But she walked like a robot into her bedroom and took her suitcase from the shelf in the closet. Of course she had to go. There was no argument about it. You didn't argue with the boss, and Mr. Halvorson was the boss. He was the one who had given her that generous bonus last month. Her reverie was interrupted by the sound of stomping on the stairs. She raised her head to listen. Yes, the children were racing down the hallway, and those heavy steps behind them would be Hank, carrying Stuffy. Oh, joy! She was glad they were back. She opened the front door, stooped and gathered Linda and Susan in her arms. They smelled of sea-weed, and their little

faces were still rough with salt, but their arms were tight around her.

"She's home!" Linda squealed. "Look, Daddy! Mumsy's home!"

Cicily lifted her eyes. Hank was beaming down at her.

"How come?" he grinned. "I thought you were snagging a customer for Halvorson?"

"Not today, darling. Or tonight. Where's Nan?"

"We dropped her off at the hospital."

They all crowded through the doorway together and Cicily reached for Stuffy, sleeping against Hank's shoulder.

"I'll put him in bed," she murmured. "Little man has had a busy day."

"I'll say he has," Hank laughed, following her to his bed. "Know something, Mrs. Adams? Your son is growing up. Nan taught him to float today!"

"Not really! He's been afraid of water!"

"Not anymore. She kept her hand under his back, and he looked up at her with those great big eyes of his like a scared puppy. But she kept on. After a while, she took her hand away and the little tyke made it alone. He was looking at her all the time and she was smiling at him, encouraging him. He knew he was doing something big. Gosh, he was cute! Nan is a natural mother!"

Long after they were in bed, Cicily lay awake watching the sky through the east windows. The man in the moon wasn't smiling tonight. He had a sad face, she thought.

Her eyes went to Hank sleeping beside her. Someday she was going to buy a bed made to order so Hank's feet wouldn't hang over the end that way. His face was solemn in sleep. Solemn and quiet. She liked to see him grin. A grin was natural for Hank. But his face had settled in that solemn resigned way after she had told him about going to Denver with Mr. Halvorson tomorrow.

CICILY watched the moonlight highlight his strong, even features, the square chin, the ruffled brown hair. She loved him terribly. And he loved her — she knew that. Had he finally grown tired of fighting to keep her home with him and the children? Or did his casual acceptance of her position with Mr. Halvorson mean that he didn't miss her *quite* so much and that the children didn't miss her — *quite* so much?

She heard Stuffy whimper in the room across the hall. She waited. Sometimes he did that and then went back to sleep. But the whimper broke into a wail, a terrified wail. Cicily got up and hurried to his bed in Nan's room. He was standing up, his chubby hands around the wooden bars, shaking them frantically.

"Baby!" Cicily crooned, putting her arms around him. "Baby boy! Mumsy's here. Right here."

The wail grew louder. She lifted him in her arms, but he stiffened his body against her, and she could hardly hold him. Hank came in groggy with sleep.

Cicily hurried to the kitchen for a glass of milk; he hadn't eaten since the picnic, but he pushed the

glass away with both hands. He looked past Hank's shoulder to the door and wailed dismally.

"What in the world? Hank, shall I call a doctor?" Cicily asked.

"He's not sick," Hank said, impatiently.

A sleepy-eyed Linda came to the door. "He wants Nanny," she said, philosophically. "He always yells like that after his nap till Nanny comes."

Cicily caught Hank's sour look.

"Nonsense!" she said. "Here, give him to me."

But Stuffy wouldn't relax against her. He refused to be cuddled.

They heard the front door open, quick footsteps coming down the hall, and then Nan stood in the doorway.

She hesitated, looking from Cicily to Hank, then to Stuffy struggling in his arms. Stuffy saw her, too. He stretched his arms toward her, and Cicily noticed, with a little sick feeling, that his eyes had—that *special* look that a child gives to the one he loves best.

Hank put him in Nan's arms and walked out of the room. Cicily had never seen his face so grim before.

Stuffy's wail turned into a long satisfied sigh, as he cuddled against Nan's breast.

"See, Mumsy," Linda pointed to them. "I told you, Mumsy."

HANK was quiet coming home from church. The children laughed and babbled in the back seat of the car, and Linda began to chant: "We've got a secret — we've got a secret . . . ."

Susan chimed in with her flutey little voice, and Stuffy beat his hands together trying to follow the rhythm.

Cicily gave Hank an eye-corner glance. His big chin squared off grimly. The Mother's Day program must have stirred him. He had loved his mother dearly, but she had been dead almost three years now. Hank hadn't looked like this last Mother's Day or the year before that, or anytime that Cicily could remember.

"Better telephone your Mother," he said and his voice had an edge to it.

"I sent her a gift," Cicily explained. "I don't think I'll call—it's expensive. New York is a long way. Anyhow, she might be out for the week end. But I do want to call Aunt Flo."

A warm joy went through her at the thought of talking to Aunt Flo.

Hank's mouth folded in. Cicily guessed he was holding back some bitter remark. She wondered what was going on in his big curly brown head?

"We've got a secret!" Linda chanted again. "We've got a secret!"

He swung the car into the driveway. The children climbed out and ran ahead of them. Even Stuffy crawled up the steps on his hands and knees.

The minute Cicily entered the house she noticed the table was set in the dining room. Nan had used the heirloom lace cloth and the sterling silver and the bouquet of talisman roses Hank had sent were in the center of the table.

And then she saw the cake on the big silver tray at her place. It was creamy white, three layers high,

and across the top a pale pink icing formed the word "Mother." Nan must have worked like crazy to make that cake while they were gone!

Linda, Susan, and Stuffy stared at it. They were dumb with wonder. But only for a moment.

"Nanny made it!" Linda shrieked, clapping her hands and racing back to the door. "Daddy! Hurry! See what Nanny made!"

Now it was Hank's turn to stare at it, big-eyed.

"Some cake!" he breathed. His mouth softened around the edges. "No wonder the children were excited. I don't blame them! Come on, let's wash our hands while Mumsy fixes dinner."

Cicily picked up a note on the tray beside the cake.

"Dear Cicily," it began:

"There's potato salad and sliced ham in the refrigerator. I'm going up to the hospital. I'll try to be back before you leave. Nan"

SHE crushed the note in her hand and took her hat off, thoughtfully, as she went to her room.

She hurried to the kitchen, tying on her apron as she went. She was glad Nan wasn't here. She would have Hank and the children all to herself for this little while before the cab came for her.

Her eyes flew to the clock. Twelve-thirty. They would have to hurry — it would take extra time when the children gave her their presents. That was always a big event. She sighed gratefully. Hank had taught them to appreciate her.

And she wanted to call Aunt Flo. That was one treat she had promised herself for today — a little visit with Aunt Flo on the telephone no matter what it cost.

She swung around from the refrigerator with a bowl of salad in her hands. She stood very still. A little bell tinkled in her mind. She was poised on a pinpoint of time, aware of its signal.

Why did she want to call Aunt Flo instead of her own mother? Why? Why? But the answer was already in her mind before she asked the question. Because it was Aunt Flo who had been a real mother to her. It was Aunt Flo she remembered with that deep, warm, nostalgic longing that children have for a true mother. It was Aunt Flo who had stayed by her bed when she had the measles and the mumps and sang all those crazy little songs to her that would always be a part of her very self.

Another woman had borne her, but it wasn't merely that biological fact that made a mother; it was the years of sacrifice, the years of *being there* when you were needed, the years of *rearing* your children the way Aunt Flo had done.

There was a stinging behind her eyes. She could hear Hank and the children laughing and talking in the bathroom. Bless his big fatherly heart.

But last night even Hank couldn't pacify Stuffy when he had awakened, frightened. He had cried for Nan because she had become close and dear to him this last month when Cicily had been away so much. In another month Nan would mean more to them than Cicily did. And if Nan had to leave, someone else would take her

place, and she might not be so unselfish as Nan.

She bent her head in her hands. What would Aunt Flo do, she wondered achingly, if she were in her shoes? If she had a job she loved, what would Aunt Flo do?

She put the salad on the table and walked determinedly back to her bedroom. Aunt Flo's picture was on her dressing table. She lifted it and let the sunlight from the window shine on the wide whimsical face. Aunt Flo's mouth was still young at the corners. Cicily could never look at her picture without a surge of gratitude, a flow of love. She hoped her children would love her the way she loved Aunt Flo.

A conversation she had with her before Stuffy was born came back again: "I'm glad you're having lots of babies, Cicily. You're prettier now than at any other time. And a woman can't ask for much more than to be a queen in her own home. Don't let someone else rear your children, Cicily, unless it's an absolute necessity. Remember anything worth having has to be earned."

Cicily put the picture back on the dressing table.

"Thanks, Aunt Flo," she murmured. "I know what to do, now."

She walked with a queenly tilt to her head and dialed Mr. Halvorson's number. He might as well know he must get another secretary, because from now on she was staying home with Hank and their children. This was where she belonged.

Love's Foliage

Maude Rubin

Slow hands guiding the needle
Pull the bright threads through,
Caress the fabric gently
Just as they used to do
When rose-sprigged silk was a dance-dress,
When brocade blues were ties
Chosen for Jim's Christmas present
Because they matched his eyes.
Long thoughts follow the needle,
Sew memories into the quilt—
Brief tears freshen love's foliage
That grief nor time can wilt.

Hidden Valley

Ethel Jacobson

Amid forbidding peaks, the hidden valley lies
Battlemented, sheltered from interlopers' eyes.
But silently the mole burrows in its sod
And the waxwing flashes where its willows nod.

The lizard blinks and suns on a windless ledge;
The deer come at dusk to the spring's ferny edge.
And bluer than the harebell are heaven's arching skies
Mirrored in a stream, where a hidden valley lies.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1896

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

FOOD FOR THOUGHT: When we contemplate what we are and what we should be, we find that the mind needs food as well as the body: and needs plain substantial food, which will both refresh and strengthen it. Where can it be found if not in the holy scriptures. Here we find the thoughts, the feelings, and the trials of people who lived in this fallen world many ages since . . . . Is this not food for thought; especially when you see an alwise ruler leading, guiding and controlling every event to benefit and preserve the precious child, until his father saw him again . . . .?

—Zion's Convert

EVENING THOUGHTS

The twilight gently deepens
The stars shine one by one;
The sun's last fading rays,
Proclaim the day is done . . . .

Oh! Does the sun's last setting
And the shadows that come with the night
Remind us that we are but mortal
Not always to walk by sight?

—Lydia D. Alder

LAW: Law is the first grand principle by which man is protected temporally and spiritually. If we transgress the laws of nature, sickness is liable to be the result. If we transgress the laws of God, we meet his displeasure or disapproval . . . . Our spirit has then lost luster, hope is deferred, the law has been broken, and discouragement is the result, because His teachable spirit has departed . . . .

—Dr. Elvira Stevens Barney

NOTE TO STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS: The Presidents of the stake organizations of Relief Society in all the stakes of Zion are urgently requested to prepare a complete list of their stake officers . . . with Post Office address of each person and forward to this office for publication. These lists will be carefully arranged and printed in the *Deseret News* . . . .

—Editorial

THE BOOK OF MORMON: Did any one ever read This Book of Mormon with an inquiring mind to know why it was kept expressly for this period of time, for this generation? . . . Now when we contemplate these things we see our Father's designs and purposes come in their own time and place; all for a wise purpose known only to Himself, yet being His children we learn them by experience: While he knows the results before they are seen by us . . . . This then is an important era of time, great events will transpire in these days . . . Would it not be well then to be humble since we claim God to be our Father: and remember this life is a school where there are so many lessons to learn . . . . The Book of Mormon shows this in terms so plain that you cannot be mistaken.

—M. E. K.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

UNITED States Treasurer, Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest, was one of thirteen women honored in Washington, D.C., as outstanding in their special fields — hers, government. The award was a silver Winged Victory on a mahogany base. The selection was made by an all-men's group, the Golden Slipper Square Club. Senator Margaret Chase Smith and free-lance writer Inez Robb (a native of Idaho) were also among those honored.

MRS. ANGELYN WARNICK WADLEY, of Providence, Utah, was recently honored by the Utah State Agricultural College, along with six men, as being illustrious graduates of the school. Former director of home economics education for the State Department of Public Instruction, Mrs. Wadley was cited as being a "religious leader and advocate and practicer of full family living." Mrs. Wadley has been a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine* and other Church magazines. Very severely handicapped as a result of poliomyelitis, she carries on at home with five children and teaches a class in Mutual, with indomitable faith and will power.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE, (1865-1932), "First Lady of the American Theatre," at the turn of the century, is the subject of a new biography *Mrs. Fiske and the American Theatre*, by Archie Binns and Olive Kooken. Mrs. Fiske was particularly famous for her roles in the plays of Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906), the great Norwegian dramatist. Mrs. Fiske often repeated: "Actors on a stage should behave somewhat like people."

THE General Federation of Women's Clubs is now working with its 1,000,000 members to lead a campaign against "salacious and indecent" magazines, including the "gossip-blackmail" type. They recommend the adoption of a national code of ethics by magazine publishers.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Ursula Bandley Gee, Provo, Utah, ninety-eight; Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Terry Blair, Salt Lake City, ninety-five; Mrs. Mary Jane Lamb Robinson, Sandy, Utah, ninety-four; Mrs. Matilda S. Butler, Salt Lake City, ninety-three; Mrs. Annie E. Chambers Anderson, Salt Lake City, ninety-two; and the following women who have reached their ninetieth birthdays: Mrs. Robenia Marshall Ellis, Bountiful, Utah; Mrs. Hannah Okerlund Jakeman, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Martha Platt, Burley, Idaho; Mrs. Maria Thompson, Ephraim, Utah.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 43 MAY 1956 NO. 5

The Gift for Mother's Day

WITH the general observance of appreciation for mothers shown on Mother's Day, there comes to a Latter-day Saint mother the realization of the supreme gift which each of her children may give to her and for which her heart yearns. It may also be a time of soul-searching to a mother as she asks herself if she has done her part in obtaining this most precious gift from her children.

She recalls the early, crowded years when her children were young and when their insistent demands for attention and the necessity of caring for their bodily wants—washing, ironing, mending, cooking, cleaning, straightening time and again, sewing, and nursing their ailments—seemed to leave her little time for nurturing their spiritual bodies. But now experience has taught her that the very persistence of their need for her constant attention provided her with the priceless opportunity of watching the character development of each of her children at its very inception. Her watchful presence permitted her to guide and correct improper tendencies before they became wrong habits rooted in the daily living pattern. Moreover the mother now realizes that the utter trust and dependence of her children upon her when they were young, has helped to build their love and confidence in her today, so that they continue to seek her counsel and guidance in the problems of their maturity.

She may also recall on this Mother's Day how her patience was often tried, when her children brought home their friends to play—a play that almost demanded policing, at times, to keep the peace. The activities changed over the years, however, candy-pulls, games, hobbies, and dancing, each in turn, strengthened choice friendships and centered the children's attention on home. Unobstrusively mother watched, suggested, and planned that her children's lives might blossom and mature in the eternal bonds of marriage.

And so on this Mother's Day, material gifts are treasured only as they reveal thoughtfulness and manifestation of love. The most precious gift which children can give to their mother is the knowledge that they are walking the straight and narrow path to immortality and eternal life. For mother to have an assurance that her family pattern will continue throughout eternity, with all of its component parts welded together and complete, is the supreme gift which brings peace to a mother's soul.

—M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Program for the November Fast Sunday Evening Meeting

THE special program for Sunday, November 4, 1956, will be mailed to Relief Society stake presidents early in May. We urge stake presidents to distribute these programs to the wards immediately upon receipt of them.

Many organizations have asked for information regarding the music for the Singing Mothers in order that they may learn the numbers during the summer months. Two numbers are to be sung by the Singing Mothers, one to be an appropriate number selected by the local society itself, and the other one is:

> "Teach Me, O Lord," by Hamblen, three-part chorus, S.S.A., No. 9021, published by Chapell and Company, Inc., RKO Building, Rockefeller Center, New York; price 20 cents per copy.

If your local dealer is unable to supply this number, it may be ordered from the following stores:

Beesley Music Company, 70 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Daynes Music Company, 15 East First South Street, Salt Lake City
Glen Brothers Music Company, 74 South Main Street, Salt Lake City

"A Centenary of Relief Society" Out of Print

A Centenary of Relief Society was published for the one-hundredth anniversary of Relief Society in 1942 and contains much valuable historical information concerning the activities of the society during its first one hundred years. It is now out of print, and the general board does not contemplate reprinting it, so we suggest that each organization, stake and ward, preserve one copy for reference. Those stakes or wards which already have them in their libraries should see to it that they are properly bound to preserve them and that the name of the organization is either printed on the cover or written on the flyleaf on the inside so as to indi-

cate clearly that it is the property of the society. Those organizations which do not already have a copy in their libraries should try to obtain one from someone in their stake or ward and have it bound. We recommend this same plan be followed in the missions. We suggest that these books be bound in one of the new synthetic materials, such as fabricoid, as this binding is considered much more durable than leather.

The Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, will bind the *Centenary* in blue fabricoid with a 24-carat gold seal and lettering on it, according to our specifications, so that they may all be bound alike, and stamp the name of the society on the cover in gold for $3.75 per copy postpaid. Thirty days should be allowed for binding the books which should be sent direct to the Deseret News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. We recommend that stakes and wards that have not already done so, make this an early project so that every organization may preserve a copy of the *Centenary*.

Review Outline for May 1956 Literature Lesson

THE following outline presented at the October 1955 general Relief Society conference in the literature department is published herewith, relating to the review lesson of the current course on English literature. It is felt that this outline may be of interest and help to the sisters for reference and use in the May 1956 literature lesson.

Old English Period 449-1066

Writers	*History*
? Beowulf 750 A.D.	Roman Invasion 55 B.C. - 410 A.D.
Bede 673-735	Angles and Saxons 428 A.D.
	Christianity established 597 A.D.
	Danes 850-897 A.D.

Middle English (Medieval) Period 1066-1485

Chaucer 1340-1400 (Canterbury Tales)	Norman Invasion 1066 (William the Conqueror)
Sir Thomas Malory (Morte Darthur) 1469	Great Influences: Feudalism, Chivalry, Religion

The Renaissance Period 1485-1625

(From accession of Tudors to the death of James I)

	Influences
Shakespeare 1564-1616	1. Religious freedom
Bacon 1561-1626	2. Literacy
English Bible (King James) 1611	3. Naval supremacy
	4. World trade
	5. Flowering of English spirit

The Puritan Interlude 1625-1660
(From death of James I to restoration of Charles II)

	Motivating Ideals
Milton 1608-1674	1. Right
Bunyan 1628-1688	2. Truth
Donne	3. Godliness
Herrick	
Herbert	

The Neo-Classical Period 1660-1784

	Characteristics
Dryden	Skepticism
Steele	Order
Addison	Reason
Swift	Wit
Goldsmith	Restraint
Johnson	
Pope	

The Romantic Period 1760-1832

Writers		*Characteristics*
Thomson	Wordsworth	Individuality
Collins	Coleridge	Freedom
Gray	Scott	Beauty
Cowper	Byron	Love
Burns	Shelley	Nature
Blake	Keats	
Lamb	Austen	
Hazlitt		

The Victorian Period 1832-1880

		Influences
Tennyson	The Rossettis	Nationalism
Dickens	Arnold	Imperialism
Macaulay	Humorists:	Manufacturing
Browning	Lewis Carrol	Commerce
The Brontes	Calverley	Scientific programs
Eliot	Lear	
Carlyle	Dodgson	
Ruskin	Gilbert	

The Break With Victorianism 1880-1914

Stevenson	Housman	Fading traditions
Kipling	Henley	New patterns
Synge	Masefield	
Hardy		

New Serial "Heart's Bounty" to Begin in June

A new serial "Heart's Bounty" by Deone R. Sutherland will begin in the June issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. The story is a pioneer romance in which Annie Griffith finds her life's work and learns that the way of duty and the path of happiness are the same road.

Mrs. Sutherland is well known to readers of the *Magazine* for her lovely short stories and her serials: "Dear Conquest" and "Green Willows." She presents her characters with warmth and understanding and vividly portrays a realistic background. Much enjoyment will be found in following the gleaming threads as Annie Griffith weaves them into her life pattern in "Heart's Bounty."

Recipes from the Canadian Mission

Submitted by Leah H. Lewis

Butter Tarts

2 cups brown sugar
3 or 4 eggs
2 tbsp. melted butter
1 tbsp. milk
1 tbsp. vanilla
currants

Mix thoroughly. Make regular pie crust and put in tart pans or cupcake pans, sprinkle a few currants in bottom and pour over above mixture. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes.

Short Bread

1 lb. butter
⅔ cup sugar
4 to 5 cups flour

Cream sugar and butter thoroughly and add flour gradually until mixture cracks in hand. Roll out on flourboard and cut with cookie cutter. Bake at 250° very slowly until light brown, 30 to 40 minutes.

A Quick Cake

⅓ cup soft butter
1¾ cups flour
1⅓ cups brown sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs
½ cup milk
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. grated nutmeg
1 cup seedless raisins

Put the above ingredients in a bowl and beat all together for three minutes. Bake in a pan 35 to 40 minutes. If you follow directions, this makes a very satisfactory cake, but it will not be so if you add the ingredients separately. One-half pound of dates (cut in pieces) may be used in place of raisins.

Never in Triteness

Iris W. Schow

The robin sings again the same glad song;
The rose repeats her miracle of bloom;
The lily breathes upon the summer air
Once more her incomparable perfume.

The mountains of the moon, unworn away,
Still form the same fair face which all admire;
The blackbird wears forever on his wing
His ancient blazing flash of crimson fire.

And, confident of being understood,
We come as we once came in childhood days;
For in the spirit, Mother dear, we bring
Our timeless words of gratitude and praise.

Mary Ann Hyde Mortenson Makes Wedding Cakes of Intricate Design

MARY Ann Hyde Mortenson, eighty-three, of Ogden, Utah, specializes in making wedding cakes of intricate and exquisite design. She designs her own decorative patterns. Many of the wedding cakes are made with a fruit-cake base and are baked in four large layers in graduated sizes. The designs include scrolls, loops, ribbon bows, flowers, ferns, leaves, bells, and other decorative motifs.

Cake making, however, is only one of Sister Mortenson's many talents. She is an expert quilter, and she joins the women at work meeting and never quits until the quilt is completed. She makes unique *braided woven rugs*, and her sunburst pattern rug is remarkably beautiful. Sister Mortenson also takes great pride in her flower garden and her hybrid roses are known throughout the valley. She sends bouquets and trays of food to the sick and homebound and gives them hope and encouragement.

Sister Mortenson was born in Kaysville, Utah, and during her early married life, while serving as Relief Society president, she gleaned grain in the fields to help finance the organization. For many years she was a social science class leader, and she served as a visiting teacher for thirty-five years. *The Relief Society Magazine* has been in her home since the first issue. Sister Mortenson has three children, six grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

The Perfect Gift

Mabel Law Atkinson

SPRING had come late to Eden Valley. Not a rose was blooming; not one gave promise of unfolding for Mother's Day.

"But I must have roses for Mother this year!" It was ten-year-old Tony who spoke, as he examined bud after bud and found each one so tightly curled that he knew it would be useless to try to force any into blooming as he had done a year ago.

A smile erased the anxious expression on his face as he remembered his mother exclaiming delightedly, "Roses for my day! I was sure I would be disappointed this year, for no buds were opening this morning. How ever did you do it, Tony? And my favorite roses too—Grus on Teplitz and Madam Butterfly!"

A warm feeling enveloped Tony as he recalled telling his mother how two days before he had cut the buds just beginning to loosen, and had kept their stems in warm water until they had opened enough to show their beauty. How he loved to recall her next words, "Thank you, my dear. You are a good boy, Tony, and I love you very much." She had kissed him then and continued, "Roses are the perfect gift for a mother on her day."

He could still feel her arms about him now as he remembered her illness a short time later, an illness which had lasted for months. He must give her the roses she loved this year; but how could he do so with Sunday but three days away?

Again he carefully examined every bud, but it was an unrewarding task. Tears threatened to fall, but he hastily wiped them away with his sleeve as he said thoughtfully, "I must give her the *perfect gift.*"

Tony left the rose garden and sat on the porch steps in the late afternoon sunshine to think his problem through. He decided not to ask his father for extra money to buy roses from the florist, knowing he had all he could do to pay the bills caused by his mother's illness. There were no lawns to cut, for the weather had been too cold for the grass to grow; nor were there yards to rake as that task had been accomplished on clean-up day. What should he do?

"It doesn't look as if any of our roses will be blooming for Mother this year, does it, Son?" It was his father who spoke. He had come upon Tony and, seeing the worried look in his eyes, had divined the reason.

Tony shook his head, but did not answer lest his tears overflow.

"HERE'S a dollar, Son. I think perhaps it will buy three blooms. I'd give more if I could. We must not forget Mother on her day, especially this year." He was unaware he was repeating almost the very words Tony had used.

His tears brimming over now, Tony smiled in relief and gratitude and said, "Thanks, Dad! I'll pay it back out of my allowance."

"No, Son, you see I want Mother

to have the flowers she loves as much as you do. And, besides, you've earned it by your added thoughtfulness since she became ill."

Tony skipped to the gate. He hurried to the flower shop, for it would soon be closing time.

The owner, who knew him well, asked kindly, "What can I do for you, Tony boy?"

"I'd like to get a dollar's worth of roses, red and white ones, if you have them."

"And what lovely lady's name shall I put on the card this year?"

Very simply Tony answered, "Just write, 'To Mother from Tony.' " He paused a moment then continued, "And be sure and write, 'I love you, Mother.' "

"That I will, my boy! That I will!" he said huskily, then added, "would you like me to keep them here for you till morning so they will be nice and fresh? You can come as early as you like."

Tony gave him the dollar as he answered, "Oh, yes, that will be the best way. I'll be here very early to get them."

The next morning a half hour before sunrise, Tony arose and dressed quietly, tiptoed past his parent's room, went outside and, in his eagerness, ran almost all the way to the florist's. The kindly proprietor smiled to see the anticipation in his eyes, and pointed to a lovely bouquet of roses in a container covered with silvery-green foil.

Tony gasped as he saw them. "Those are not mine, are they? My dollar would only buy about three, Dad said, and here are," he paused as he counted, "nine! five red and four white ones, with pale yellow and pink centers just like our Madam Butterflies she loves. Are you sure these are mine?"

"Yes, my boy. I want you to give them to your mother. I've seen the red and white ones in her garden so I thought she would like these. And Tony boy, if ever your roses don't bloom in time for Mother's Day, come to me and I will give you some to present to your mother." Before Tony could speak, he continued, "There will always be deliveries to make the day before Mother's Day, and you could help me to pay for your roses if you would feel better doing so. Just remember, my boy, and God bless you."

Tony's eyes were shining as his lips spoke his gratitude. Taking his precious roses, he left the shop. When he came to the little white gate of his home, he did not stop, but walked on by, and went on and on to the outskirts of town.

When he reached his destination and entered the gates, the silent beauty of the place made him feel a deep peace. Just as the rising sun flooded the earth with light, he placed his roses—the perfect gift—on his mother's grave.

There Is Still Time

Chapter 4

Margery S. Stewart

Synopsis: Elizabeth Anderson is disturbed by a strange dream in which she sees herself and her friends walking on crutches. She tells the dream to Brent, her husband, and explains to him that something is lacking in their lives. Brent, however, is so much interested in making money, that he does not want to understand Elizabeth's plea. Grandmother Anderson comes to live with the family, and, during her illness, Elizabeth and the children begin to appreciate the blessings of sacrifice and service. Elizabeth succeeds in persuading the children to go with her to Sunday School and sacrament meeting, and she feels that, as a family, they are making progress, although she is heartsick at Brent's indifference.

SOMETIMES her friends came with flowers and jelly and murmured polite phrases of regret, but Karen Jones, beautiful as a camellia, was frank in her disapproval.

"How you stand it, is beyond me . . . ." She looked with wonder at the lines and hollows in Elizabeth's face. "Honestly, you'll look like your own mother in another month." She touched her own glowing, pearl perfection with a long, graceful sweep of painted nails. "Do you know it took me two solid hours this morning of massage and eye pads to get rid of the Jamison's party. Honestly, you should have seen my eyes."

Elizabeth looked gently at the extraordinary beauty of Karen's blue-green eyes, her brilliant red hair. "I can't imagine you with a flaw, Karen, I really can't. You're my despair, really. When I get all dressed up for a party, I think of you and just wilt. I suppose most of your other friends do, too."

Karen smoothed her wide, yellow skirts. "Beauty is its own excuse for being." She laughed, "Wish I could remember who wrote it, someone is always quoting it to me, and they never know either. But, frankly, Elizabeth, you've got to stop this Florence Nightingale business and come out in the sun again."

Elizabeth passed fruit juice and cake. "I will. She's much, much better." She smiled. "Someone told me they were going to ask you to help out on the Red Cross drive. Did Mary tell you?"

Karen shook her head. "No, and she can save her breath. I've found the most marvelous new reducing salon, and they are going to keep me tied, simply tied there for three months. Do you know, Elizabeth, I've gained three inches around my hips."

Elizabeth watched the dismay smooth away on Karen's forehead. It must be fun to walk into a place looking like her and have every head turn. I had a dream about her once . . . let me see . . . . Oh, yes, that awful one about the crutches.

". . . . You haven't heard a word I've said. I've been telling you about the luncheon Mary is having. She said she'd call you. Do come, darling. It will do you so much good." She was gone in a flutter of skirts and a fragrance lingering and lavish.

From overhead came the impatient thumping of the cane by Grandma Anderson's bed. Elizabeth ran to answer it.

But, at last, to everyone's delight, Grandma Anderson was permitted to be up and around. She fluttered about the house like a winged bird, chirping constantly. "Did you know, Elizabeth, that Lin only worked three hours on the garden yesterday. You pay him for five."

"I told him he could leave early. He was expecting a brother from Tokyo."

"Hmph. A long way for very little. They'd both be much better off saving their money. Did you know Matilda threw out that sack of crusts from your party? She never did put it into a bread pudding like I told her."

Elizabeth put down her mending and rubbed her forehead. Her head ached. Her mind ached from scrabbling a thousand times a day for excuses, reasons, blandishments.

"Grandma, why don't you make Donna a dress? You're such a good seamstress."

"Dress! Land sakes alive! That young one has more dresses than she'll ever wear out."

"Why don't you make a quilt, then? One of your specials."

Grandma Anderson considered. "Well, I might, not that anyone around here would appreciate it."

ELIZABETH rose and fled. She took Elaine's car and drove aimlessly toward town. It's my nerves, they really took a beating in that long illness. It's the let down of a big job done and three women trying to do the work of one. Matilda runs that house with one hand tied behind her, that leaves Grandma Anderson and me to haggle about the little tasks and to pick on everything the youngsters do. She took a deep breath. Now somebody very wise would make this predicament profitable for everyone. But I'm not very clever. I only know I'm happiest when I'm doing a big job . . . like nursing Grandma Anderson, or the twins when they had measles, or having a dinner for twenty.

She stopped at the Farmer's Market, sat in the sun and ate a lemon cream tart. It was delicious. She wandered about the booths, bought a breadboard from Sweden and sandals from Mexico. Still reluctant to turn homeward she found a movie. The usher waved her to a place beside a girl in her early twenties.

A pretty blonde girl, but sleepy. Elizabeth found herself stealing worried glances at her neighbor.

Suddenly the girl's head jerked up. She opened her eyes. She looked at Elizabeth and smiled in embarrassment.

"We've been so short of help at the hospital that I've been working through for a week. I'm bushed. But I did want to see this movie."

"Are you a nurse?"

The girl nodded. "Wish I were five of them. We could use them all on my division."

"Why the shortage?"

The girl shrugged. "New hospitals every week or so, it seems, more sick people than I've ever seen before, and fewer people to want to do the grubby things that nursing demands." She wriggled into her jacket, still yawning. "I guess

I should try to stay and see it through again, but I just can't make it."

Elizabeth ached for her. She knew from experience that utter fatigue of body and mind and the stubborn will that persisted in driving the aching bones to newer tasks.

She moved her knees to let the girl by, but the movie had lost its charm. She felt the drama on the screen was vapid in comparison to the real life drama of the weary girl making her way toward the exit.

THEY had not even missed her. Brent had been called out of town, Elaine had gone to a dinner dance the Mutual was giving, and Grandma had taken the twins and Donna to Primary and then down the corner to get some ice cream.

Matilda served a warmed-over dinner. "It just did you a world of good to get out of here, Mrs. Anderson, you just ought to do it more."

Elizabeth pushed aside her dinner and leaned her face in her palms. She was tired to the bone.

Matilda grumbled as she took away the plate. "Appetite like a bird. Why don't you go out and play, Mrs. Anderson, play golf again, or go to some of those parties they're always invitin' you to?"

Grandma Anderson came home with three flushed and excited children. Johnny ran ahead. "Did you know that Grandma played with a real live buffalo calf when she was little?"

Jennie shrieked louder. "She saw a mountain lion once when they were camping."

Elizabeth looked at Grandma Anderson. She was radiant, flushed with responsibility and pride. "Land sakes alive. These poor little children haven't been to an ice-cream parlor for years."

"We have ice cream all the time at home."

"Fiddle-dee-dee! Cold stuff in a dish."

Jennie jumped up and down. "Grandma says she would take us to Griffith Park, if you'd let us . . . on the bus." She made it sound like six golden horses all aglitter in the sun.

Elizabeth blinked. Buses and ice cream parlors . . . all the beloved things of her childhood were just as much of a treat to her spoiled trio, and Grandma Anderson seemed to thrive under the admiration of her grandchildren. She needs a job to do, the same as I do, Elizabeth realized. Now how are we going to bring this all about?

Elizabeth did try golf, but the game was not enough to absorb her energies. She tried other things, charity drives, luncheons.

Karen Jones gave the most fabulous luncheons. Elizabeth often felt that she was walking into a dream, walking into Karen's living room with its white rugs and draperies, its apricot and green couches and chairs, the exquisite Chinese tapestry she had above the beautiful fireplace.

Today, Karen was wearing peacock blue. It intensified the red of her hair and the blue of her eyes. The luncheon was mainly fruit. Karen's newest craze was diet, and she went on interminably relaying the latest taboos from the new doctor she had found.

Elizabeth listened idly, enjoying the food, the surroundings, and the beauty of the women around her, feeling happy in her own new brown suit of raw silk and the absurd little brown velvet hat. It was fun to watch the other women wait like birds upon a branch for a pause in Karen's steady flow of words.

She stopped for breath and Katherine James and Delores Moser both started in talking. Neither would surrender, so the guests good naturedly listened to both and then concentrated on the most interesting.

DELORES was describing the hilarious adventures of herself and her husband in Mexico over the week-end. ". . . On our way back we stumbled over Maria."

"Not Maria Lindsey?" She had everyone's attention.

"The same," said Delores triumphantly. "And you'll never guess where we found her or what she was doing."

"Never!"

"Tell us. Don't be like that."

Elizabeth felt her own interest quickening. Maria had been most friendly at one time, coming to call, inviting Elizabeth and Brent over for dinner when they had first come to the neighborhood. Elizabeth remembered how impressed she had been with the Lindsey's beautiful patio and pool. Then, suddenly, the Lindsey's had moved away . . . there had been no further word.

"She's a waitress! At Don Caro's! Can you imagine!"

They stared at Delores. "Not really!"

"A hostess, rather," Delores hurriedly modified the statement. "But imagine our embarrassment . . . our absolute chagrin to meet her like that. Made me feel horrible. Maria's face went as white as this cloth when she saw us. Looked absolutely sick. Do you know that Don lost every penny . . . simply every cent?"

Karen pushed back her long, beautiful hair. "I don't suppose there's a chance they'll ever make it again . . . get back up here with us?"

Delores shook her head firmly. "Not a chance. They did give such lovely parties, too. Right to the end. Well, that's the way it goes . . . . On the way home I bought the most beautiful vases . . . antiques and priceless . . . ."

Elizabeth clenched her fists under the table. Was that all there was, then, to friendship? Once they had all eaten at Maria's table and rested in her chairs, dived in her pool. Now she was pushed out of their minds by a pair of antique vases. It seemed to Elizabeth as if the floor shifted beneath her, the same helpless feeling she had known once in a dream. Oh, yes, that dream about the big party and the crutches that crumbled under her.

After the luncheon was over she drove aimlessly about, not wanting to go home until she was calm again. She still had the agonizing sensation of unsure earth beneath her. She passed a hospital and looked idly at its gray forbidding walls, remembering the little nurse in the movie and the call for help in that morning's paper for nurses and aides.

Suddenly, on impulse, she parked

the car. She went up the wide path to the stone steps. "Idiot!" she said to herself, but her feet went resolutely, almost without her volition up the stairs and down the long halls to the small sign that read, "Nurses' Office."

She was small, gray, and pleasant, the woman at the desk. She looked impersonally and yet inquiringly at Elizabeth's beautiful clothes.

"I wonder . . . could you use an aide . . . perhaps in the children's ward?"

The woman looked at Elizabeth's brown leather bag, at her shoes that matched exactly, and the brown velvet hat. "You've had experience?"

Elizabeth tried to sound very brisk. "My own children . . . and for two months I nursed my mother-in-law. Doctor Eberhardt told me I did a wonderful job . . . ." She stopped, blushed. "I only said that to show I had had some experience. I understood you are quite shorthanded, I thought . . . until it became easier to get help."

The woman smiled. "Could you come tomorrow?"

Elizabeth swallowed, nodded.

"At seven? It's seven to three you know. You'll be in surgery. Would you mind that?"

"No . . . I'm sure I wouldn't."

The woman looked again at Elizabeth's slim heels. "Better wear low, white shoes. There's a lot of walking in this job." She handed some papers across her desk. "If you'll just fill these out."

DINNER that evening was a joyous affair. Jennie simply couldn't believe that her mother had gone out as simply as to a corner drugstore and came away with a job. "But you're so old . . . I mean . . . I thought . . . ."

"I am just brushing forty," Elizabeth said haughtily, but with a smile within. "And I wish you would stop reminding me of it, as if age were something I could escape, if I were a little more clever."

"All those heavenly medics," sighed Elaine. "So young, so utterly handsome."

"I'll try not to be rushed off my feet," murmured Elizabeth.

"Mother!"

Brent looked up. "I don't like it," he said abruptly, "I don't like it at all."

"But it's such a simple little job, darling, and not for long, just until there's not such a shortage of help."

Grandma Anderson waved her fork at him. "You let her go. With me here to look after the children, there's not a thing in the world to worry about."

"And I'll be home before they are," Elizabeth interpolated quickly, "no one will ever know the difference."

Brent laughed. "Very well, if you insist. I give you just two weeks and you'll quit of your own accord."

Elizabeth sighed with relief. There were no more hurdles as far as she could see. "I'm heading for bed, five in the morning will come mighty soon."

Elizabeth had dreamed all night of bending over tossing patients, tenderly bathing foreheads, and smoothing brows. The reality was abrupt and brutal. She was sent to the fifth floor with a typewritten

note clutched in her tense hand.

The elevator was automatic. It closed its doors upon her and left her alone in a long gray hall. Elizabeth looked about her. Directly opposite was an operating room where nurses were changing sheets on an operating table. They wore masks and their hair was covered by caps. Everyone seemed in an ordered hurry.

One of the nurses, hastening down the hall, stopped. "You must be Mrs. Anderson?"

Elizabeth nodded, held out the typewritten note.

The nurse read it quickly. She smiled briefly. "Come with me, please."

She led Elizabeth to a room marked "Nurses Only." It was a small room with a cot and a few deep chairs and a table on which reposed stacks of uniforms. The nurse burrowed through them, stopped to give Elizabeth a measuring glance.

"I wear fourteen."

"Thirty-four. Here we are." She tossed the uniform to Elizabeth. "We'll have to hurry. We're really short-handed today."

THE uniform had a deep V-neckline and string that pulled tight to form a waistline of sorts. Elizabeth looked down at herself ruefully. "I look like a sack."

The nurse laughed, "It's not by Dior, nor is this cap by Dache."

It wasn't. It fitted coldly around Elizabeth's face, hiding every vestige of hair.

The nurse nodded approval. "Now come back upstairs, and we'll find you a mask. You must remember to pull it up when you bring the patient into the operating room." Elizabeth nodded.

She pushed a handkerchief into her pocket and hurried along after the nurse, who led her back upstairs. She paused before a huge blackboard. The blackboard was a maze of initials, names, and medical terms and hours. "7:30, J. C. Metcalfe, 412," Elizabeth read, "D.C." And below it, "8:00 R.D. Malouf, Biopsy left breast, 355."

The nurse handed Elizabeth a paper. It duplicated the names and information on the board. Twenty-three names Elizabeth counted. She looked up inquiringly. "Twenty-three operations?"

The nurse nodded. "Your job is to get them up to us. You can start with J. C. Metcalfe, Room 412, which is on the fourth floor. Tell the nurse at the desk which patient you want. Be sure to read the tag on the patient's wrist, compare it with the name on your paper. We can't operate on the same patient twice in one day. Too expensive."

Elizabeth smiled and looked up quickly, but the laughter had already fled from the nurse's eyes.

"Bring the patient to Small Major." She indicated the four operating rooms that opened from the circular hall. She counted them for Elizabeth, naming each one. "First minor to your left, second minor next to it, first major on your right, second major next to it, and third major right across from the elevator."

The cart moved at the touch of Elizabeth's finger. She placed the folded sheet on it, and moved to-

(Continued on page 343)

Magazine Subscriptions for 1955

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

THE general board expresses great appreciation to all *Relief Society Magazine* representatives throughout the Church who, realizing the importance of their work, have placed during the past year, 138,096 *Relief Society Magazines* in the homes. The *Magazine* is mailed to fifty countries outside the United States, which is particularly significant at this time when so many Latter-day Saint citizens of the United States are living, for one reason or another, in foreign countries. Truly, *The Relief Society Magazine* is found in homes circling the globe.

The callings of stake and ward *Magazine* representatives are of great importance for the carrying on of Relief Society. Ward *Magazine* representatives visit the homes in their wards, contacting the sisters in a spirit of unselfish helpfulness. Stake *Magazine* representatives plan, encourage, advise, and assist ward *Magazine* representatives to attain their goals. Both callings are important in placing in individual Relief Society members' hands and in those of the officers, knowledge of the historical happenings of Relief Society, instructions to officers, the lesson work, accounts of Relief Society happenings throughout the world, inspirational articles from Church leaders, as well as reading material of general interest to Latter-day Saint women. For this reason all Relief Society organizations are asked to take a subscription in the name of the society so that the issues may be bound at the end of each year and preserved in the Relief Society library.

The honor roll for 1955 reveals many interesting features. For the ninth year the South Los Angeles Stake leads the Church in per cent of subscriptions in relation to the number of Relief Society members, with a percentage of 262. It also has the largest number of subscriptions 2,857. There are 204 stakes on the honor roll as compared with 200 last year. There are thirty-three stakes in which every ward within the stake achieved 100 per cent or over, whereas there were twenty-four in 1954. There are 1,739 wards and branches in stakes on the honor roll, an increase of 102. Three missions achieved over 100 per cent and fourteen missions are on the honor roll. The mission branches totaled 486 on the honor roll.

The overall increase in the number of Relief Society subscriptions in 1955, is 8,218: 138,096 in 1955 and 129,878 in 1954.

The faithful performance of any calling brings joy to a Relief Society member and the general board congratulates all stake and ward *Magazine* representatives who so faithfully and satisfactorily performed their duties and responsibilities in 1955.

Honors for Highest Ratings

Stake

South Los Angeles (California) 262%
Magazine Representative—Edna C. Stoutsenberger

Ward

South Gate Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California) 372%
Magazine Representative—Amelia Dellenbach

Branch

San Manuel Branch, Southern Arizona Stake (Arizona) 314%
Magazine Representative—Jennie Brown

Mission

Gulf States — 104%
Mission Relief Society President — Phyllis D. Smith

Mission District

West Texas District, Gulf States Mission — 138%
Magazine Representative — LaPriel D. White

Mission Branch

Douglas Branch — 275%
Wyoming District, West Central States Mission
Magazine Representative — Hazel I. Johnson

Ten Highest Percentages in Stakes

South Los Angeles	262	Edna C. Stoutsenberger
Glendale	152	Elsie Weber
Nyssa	145	Vonda Huntington
Provo	142	Flora Buggert
San Joaquin	141	Retta J. Watkins
Rexburg	137	Martha J. Erickson
Oquirrh	128	Enid O. Heise
Santa Monica	128	Charlene W. Bell
Long Beach	127	Ethel Spongberg
Shelley	125	Merle Young

Missions Achieving Ten Highest Percentages

Gulf States	104	Phyllis D. Smith
Central States	102	May E. J. Dyer
Western States	101	Mildred P. Elggren
Northern California	99	Amelia P. Gardner
West Central States	98	Marteal W. Hendricks
California	98	LaPriel S. Bunker
Canadian	94	Leah H. Lewis
Northwestern States	89	Mavil A. McMurrin
North Central States	88	Dora H. England
Western Canadian	83	Elizabeth H. Zimmerman

Ten Stakes With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
South Los Angeles	2857	Ensign	922
San Fernando	1240	Big Horn	899
Glendale	1196	East Los Angeles	898
Pasadena	1078	Sevier	877
Palmyra	1065½	Burley	868

Ten Missions With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
West Central States	1375	Eastern States	755
Central States	1311	Northwestern States	694
Western States	1102	Northern States	645
Southern States	1001	Gulf States	493
California	866	Western Canadian	440

Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Over

Bonneville	Ruth Peterson	Provo	Flora Buggert
Burley	Leona Budge	Redondo	Margaret M. Smith
East Long Beach	Margaret Bryan	Rexburg	Martha J. Erickson
East Los Angeles	Zelma Beck	Sacramento	Martha V. Gattiker
East Sharon	Edna M. Hansen	St. Joseph	Nira P. Lee
Ensign	Mabel E. Wood	San Fernando	Helen Yaple
Glendale	Elsie Weber	San Joaquin	Retta J. Watkins
Granite	Clara M. Love	Santa Monica	Charlene W. Bell
Grant	Evelyn L. Larsen	Shelley	Merle Young
Inglewood	Janet C. Medina	South Box Elder	Naomi P. Larkin
Long Beach	Ethel Spongberg	South Idaho Falls	Renee J. Nielsen
North Davis	Helen Willey Barber	South Los Angeles	Edna C. Stoutsenberger
North Pocatello	Tura Hadley	Tacoma	Afton B. Dickson
Nyssa	Vonda Huntington	West Pocatello	Ione G. Slayden
Orange County	Fay L. Peterson	West Pocatello	Cleo L. Thatcher
Pasadena	Nell Ellsworth	Wilford	Dorothy R. Larson
Pocatello	Elva W. Nielson		

Mission Percentages on Honor Roll

Gulf States	104	West Central States	98	Western Canadian	83
Central States	102	California	98	Northern States	79
Western States	101	Canadian	94	Eastern States	78
Northern California	99	Northwestern	89	Southern States	76
		North Central States	88	New England	75

Stakes by Percentages

South Los Angeles	262	San Fernando	117	New York	109
Glendale	152	Idaho Falls	116	West Utah	109
Nyssa	145	Boise	115	North Idaho Falls	108
Provo	142	North Davis	114	South Box Elder	108
San Joaquin	141	North Sacramento	113	North Pocatello	108
Rexburg	137	Redondo	113	Columbia River	107
Oquirrh	128	Wilford	112	Sevier	107
Santa Monica	128	Los Angeles	112	Grant	107
Long Beach	127	Sacramento	111	Las Vegas	107
Shelley	125	Union	111	Cassia	106
Burley	124	Bonneville	111	Tacoma	106
Orange County	123	East Los Angeles	110	Granite	106
East Long Beach	122	Pasadena	110	East Sharon	106
Minidoka	121	Gridley	110	Emigration	106
South Idaho Falls	120	North Jordan	110	West Pocatello	106
Inglewood	119	St. Joseph	109	Blackfoot	105
Humboldt	117	Bountiful	109	South Ogden	105

San Juan	105	St. George	93	Idaho	82
Bakersfield	104	Southern Arizona	93	North Sanpete	82
Spokane	104	Bannock	93	Houston	82
Highland	104	Emery	93	Santa Rosa	82
St. Johns	104	San Diego	93	Alpine	82
North Box Elder	104	North Tooele	92	Florida	82
Monument Park	104	Woodruff	92	Logan	82
Bear River	103	Utah	91	Smithfield	81
Malad	103	East Phoenix	91	Panguitch	81
Pocatello	103	Kanab	90	Pioneer	81
Rigby	103	Seattle	90	Beaver	81
South Salt Lake	103	Detroit	90	Mesa	81
Tooele	102	Grantsville	90	Raft River	81
Liberty	102	Ben Lomond	90	Salt Lake	81
Mt. Graham	102	Deseret	90	Cannon	80
Big Horn	102	Twin Falls	89	Layton	80
Mill Creek	101	North Carbon	89	Millard	80
San Francisco	101	Mt. Logan	89	Orem	80
Moapa	101	Kolob	89	Santa Barbara	80
Portneuf	101	South Summit	89	San Luis	79
West Boise	101	South Blackfoot	88	Snowflake	79
Palmyra	101	Star Valley	88	Lorin Farr	79
Wells	101	Rose Park	87	Santaquin-Tintic	79
Ensign	100	Chicago	87	Duchesne	79
Ogden	100	Montpelier	87	East Ogden	79
Zion Park	100	East Rigby	87	Young	79
Cottonwood	100	Berkeley	87	Richland	79
Portland	100	Carbon	87	Calgary	79
Taylor	100	Sharon	87	Klamath	78
Uvada	99	West Jordan	87	Juab	78
Phoenix	99	Nebo	86	Alberta	78
Oakland	99	University	86	Nevada	78
Gooding	99	Fresno	86	Hillside	78
Timpanogos	99	Oneida	86	Maricopa	77
Mt. Rubidoux	98	Salmon River	86	Farr West	76
Sugar House	98	Cache	86	Roosevelt	75
Yellowstone	98	East Provo	86	Honolulu	75
Teton	97	Murray	86	Dallas	75
Taylorsville	97	Wayne	86	Summit	75
East Mesa	97	North Weber	85	Mt. Ogden	74
Nampa	97	South Davis	85	Willamette	73
San Bernardino	96	Reno	85	Garfield	73
Weiser	96	Davis	85	Palo Alto	73
New Orleans	96	Lake View	85	Hyrum	73
San Jose	95	Bear Lake	85	Lethbridge	73
Wasatch	95	Benson	85	Temple View	73
Riverside	95	Moon Lake	85	South Sevier	72
North Sevier	95	East Jordan	85	Lyman	71
East Mill Creek	95	El Paso	84	Gunnison	70
North Rexburg	95	East Cache	84	Blaine	68
Mt. Jordan	95	Weber	84	Juarez	66
Uintah	95	Cedar	84	Lost River	66
Butte	94	Washington	83	Morgan	66
Denver	94	Lehi	83	South Carolina	66
American Falls	94	Grand Coulee	83	South Sanpete	65
South Bear River	94	Riverdale	83	Moroni	58
Park	94	Parowan	83	Oahu	57

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL-1955

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta	653	511	78	Ethel C. Pitcher
Alpine	886	728	82	Della M. Spafford
American Falls	354	332	94	Enid W. Thornton
Bakersfield	381	397	104	Elizabeth W. Winn
Bannock	378	353	93	Ida Sorenson
Bear Lake	525	446	85	Millie Sprouse
Bear River	487	503	103	Lottie R. Potter
Beaver	519	419½	81	Sylvia Davis
Ben Lomond	436	391	90	Elnora S. Empey
Benson	609	516	85	Ruth J. White
Berkeley	708	615	87	Bertha Anderson
Big Horn	885	899	102	Louise Hawley
Blackfoot	534	563	105	Vera Fullmer
Boise	436	503	115	Della Palmer Means
Bonneville	707	793	111	Ruth Peterson
Bountiful	666	725	109	Myrtle B. Hatch
Burley	698	868	124	Leona Budge
Butte	340	321	94	Harriet Millecam
Cache	621	534	86	Alice D. Griffin
Calgary	373	293	79	Lenore Heninger
Cannon	423	340	80	Mildred W. Shortt
Carbon	709	615	87	Gertrude W. Edwards
Cassia	155	165	106	Rowena J. Warr
Cedar	610	511	84	Venice W. Prince
Chicago	448	391	87	Florence G. Andrew
Columbia River	491	527	107	Pearl Batman
Grant	720	770	107	Evelyn L. Larsen
Grantsville	458	411	90	Ruth Rydalch
Gridley	477	524	110	Lucy McGuskie
Highland	831	864	104	Lucy Horman
Hillside	866	672	78	Sara S. Nicholson
Honolulu	316	238	75	Louise Kaanapu
Houston	471	388	82	Edna P. Barrett
Humboldt	175	205	117	Charlotte S. Ferguson
Idaho	417	344	82	Jennie S. Gilbert
Idaho Falls	547	637	116	Josie Scoresby
Inglewood	500	596	119	Janet C. Medina
Juab	518	406	78	Alligee L. Anderson
Kanab	423	381	90	Nellie Heaton
Klamath	408	320	78	Edith Van Hise
Kolob	885	783½	89	Alice Davis
Lake View	590	502	85	Allie K. Freestone
Las Vegas	772	823	107	Lila H. Leavitt
Layton	497	398	80	Dorsey Hodgson
Lehi	611	509	83	Rosa Ashton
Liberty	795	814	102	Katherine H. McOmie
Logan	538	440	82	Ruby W. Amussen
Long Beach	615	780	127	Ethel Spongberg
Lorin Farr	523	415	79	Maude P. Close
Los Angeles	574	641	112	Velma Shurley
Malad	566	584	103	Elizabeth B. Facer
Maricopa	647	499	77	Beverly A. Harris

Cottonwood	855	852	100	Audrie M. Kennington
Dallas	503	378	75	Opal Burch
Davis	725	617	85	Effie B. Miller
Denver	732	691	94	Bernice H. Brown
Deseret	784	702	90	Alpha Nielson
Detroit	331	297	90	Nora J. Souter
Duchesne	248	196	79	Ora N. Holgate
East Cache	743	624½	84	Ines B. Bergeson
East Jordan	842	713	85	Vera Cowley
East Long Beach	572	697	122	Margaret Bryan
East Los Angeles	813	898	110	Zelma Beck
East Mesa	584	565	97	Elva M. Brown
East Mill Creek	858	814	95	Barbara L. Beesley
East Ogden	640	505	79	Karene N. Straw
East Phoenix	514	467	91	Cora L. Mack
East Provo	576	495	86	Sarah H. Passey
East Rigby	604	525	87	Dale Burtenshaw
East Sharon	299	317	106	Edna M. Hansen
El Paso	338	285	84	Lola Wiley
Emery	720	672	93	Dorthella Williams
Emigration	445	471	106	Emily C. Pollei
Ensign	919	922	100	Mabel E. Wood
Farr West	574	435	76	Bertha R. England
Florida	444	364	82	Renie E. Tompkins
Franklin	789	703	89	Phyllis W. Kingsford
Fresno	419	361	86	Charlotte Mercer
Glendale	787	1196	152	Elsie Weber
Gooding	497	491	99	Mary Roy
Grand Coulee	393	325	83	Florence E. Young
Granite	636	676	106	Clara M. Love
Mesa	772	623	81	Lola C. White
Millard	612	490	80	Ethel P. Baker
Mill Creek	483	488½	101	Cora H. Shelley
Minidoka	457	663	121	Myrtle C. Lloyd
Moapa	279	282	101	Lillian C. Lewis
Montpelier	688	600	87	Hilda Parker
Monument Park	707	732	104	Beryl Newsome
Moon Lake	217	184	85	Clara B. Young
Mt. Graham	616	630	102	Lucy Barney
Mt. Jordan	667	631	95	Bertha S. Powell
Mt. Logan	632	561	89	Mary M. Larsen
Mt. Rubidoux	510	502	98	Hilda R. Peel
Murray	888	761½	86	Clara M. Duffin
Nampa	635	613	97	Mollie Miller
Nebo	706	610	86	Vida H. Moore
Nevada	389	303	78	Alpha Lambert
New Orleans	270	258	96	Evelyn G. Talbert
New York	273	297	109	Delpha P. Wall
North Box Elder	586	608	104	Christine N. Bott
North Carbon	449	399	89	Mary A. Bryner
North Davis	740	843	114	Helen Willey Barber
North Idaho Falls	775	840	108	Winona Telford
North Jordan	557	610½	110	Louisa Bradley
North Pocatello	430	463	108	Tura Hadley
North Rexburg	632	599	95	Arvilla Parkinson
North Sacramento	389	439	113	Kate O. Lindsay
North Sanpete	632	521	82	Ruby T. Hansen
North Sevier	394	374	95	Rhea Mickelsen
North Tooele	457	450	92	Mary M. McKellar
North Weber	584	499	85	Esther H. Hutler

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL-1955

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Nyssa	445	645	145	Vonda Huntington
Oakland	756	747	99	Agnes M. Nelson
Ogden	608	609	100	Chloe F. Summerill
Oneida	678	584	86	Mada Larsen
Oquirrh	493	633½	128	Enid O. Heise
Orange County	353	434	123	Fay L. Peterson
Orem	677	539	80	Alice Harris
Palmyra	1055	1065½	101	Juanita J. Howard
Panguitch	476	386	81	Billie Allen
Park	804	752	94	Pearl Rohde
Parowan	366	302	83	Bertha W. Mitchell
Pasadena	978	1078	110	Nell Ellsworth
Phoenix	649	644	99	Rose Openshaw
Pioneer	571	463	81	Emma O. Frenette
Pocatello	476	489	103	Elva W. Nielson
Portland	544	542	100	Gertie Lewis
Portneuf	441	444	101	Ada L. Parris
Provo	459	651	142	Flora Buggert
Raft River	196	158	81	Alice O. Neddo
Redondo	535	604	113	Margaret M. Smith
Reno	597	509	85	Pearl S. Robison
Rexburg	611	840	137	Martha J. Erickson
Richland	568	447	79	Edna Reynolds
Rigby	713	731	103	Ruey A. Ball
Riverdale	512	423	83	Edith Stacy
Riverside	752	715	95	Isabelle F. Sugden
South Idaho Falls	647	778	120	Renee J. Nielsen
South Los Angeles	1092	2857	262	Edna C. Stoutsenberger
South Ogden	589	621	105	Laura M. Shearer
South Salt Lake	845	866½	103	Hedy T. Davies
South Summit	425	376½	89	Susie D. Andrus
Southern Arizona	595	556	93	Maud B. Post
Spokane	464	483	104	Zelda S. Conrad
Star Valley	751	662	88	Vera H. Roberts
Sugar House	838	822	98	Katie B. Fairbanks
Summit	348	260	75	Thelma P. Brown
Tacoma	516	549	106	Afton B. Dickson
Taylor	660	657	100	H. Della Blumel
Taylorsville	489	473	97	Afton L. Smith
Teton	491	477½	97	Ruby F. Christiansen
Timpanogos	631	622	99	Ethel Fenton
Tooele	416	426	102	Jewel Halgren
Twin Falls	727	649	89	Hazel W. Stevens
Uintah	803	759	95	Elsie M. Palmer
Union	459	509	111	Lillie Waldrop
University	663	572½	86	Etta B. Cowles
Utah	534	487	91	Bertha Memmott
Uvada	287	285	99	Edna Sprague
Wasatch	671	639	95	Rena M. Casper
Washington	621	518	83	Mary E. Stimpson
Wayne	326	280	86	LaVird W. Ball

Roosevelt	551	415½	75	Barta Jenkins
Rose Park	382	334	87	Betty Jo C. Reiser
Sacramento	396	441	111	Martha V. Gattiker
St. George	798	746	93	Agnes S. Pickett
St. Johns	400	415	104	Glenda G. Pulsipher
St. Joseph	544	594	109	Nira P. Lee
Salmon River	186	160	86	Eunice E. Hartvigson
Salt Lake	867	699½	81	Frances L. Kooyman
San Bernardino	432	416	96	Mildred Knudsen
San Diego	834	777	93	Fawn Hetzel
San Fernando	1063	1240	117	Helen Yaple
San Francisco	433	438	101	Gertrude P. Terry
San Joaquin	499	702	141	Retta J. Watkins
San Jose	390	372	95	Katherine M. Shaw
San Juan	435	455	105	Vivian W. Redd
San Luis	505	401	79	Opal McDaniel
Santa Barbara	397	316	80	Edith G. Swonger
Santa Monica	447	574	128	Charlene W. Bell
Santa Rosa	522	430	82	Mary Ellen Rollins
Santaquin-Tintic	414	327	79	Sylvia Steck
Seattle	717	644	90	Chelta D. Brown
Sevier	818	877	107	Louise B. Sampson
Sharon	446	386	87	Dezzie Lamb
Shelley	635	794	125	Merle Young
Smithfield	664	540	81	Phyllis N. Allsop
Snowflake	753	598	79	Irene Bates
South Bear River	583	546	94	Leah Deakin
South Blackfoot	558	493	88	Ruth Dance
South Box Elder	622	674	108	Naomi P. Larkin
South Davis	572	488	85	Elsie M. Logsdon
Weber	777	653	84	Florence Wright
Weiser	455	436	96	Mary A. Larsen
Wells	842	847	101	Edith H. Koelliker
West Boise	436	439	101	June Garrett
West Jordan	928	803	87	Vivian M. Ray
West Pocatello	797	843	106	Ione G. Slayden
West Utah	590	641	109	Cleo L. Thatcher
Wilford	673	752	112	Dorothy R. Larson
Woodruff	537	495	92	Naomi B. Harris
Yellowstone	786	770	98	Edna Heward
Young	449	354	79	Wilma H. Seidel
Zion Park	401	401	100	Lillian E. Roundy

MISSIONS

California	888	866	98	LaPriel S. Bunker
Canadian	453	427	94	Leah H. Lewis
Central States	1287	1311	102	May E. J. Dyer
Eastern States	964	755	78	Florence S. Jacobsen
Gulf States	474	493	104	Phyllis D. Smith
New England	495	372	75	Margaret R. Jackson
North Central States	478	422	88	Dora H. England
Northern California	284	280	99	Amelia P. Gardner
Northern States	814	645	79	Nettie P. Smoot
Northwestern States	782	694	89	Mavil A. McMurrin
Southern States	1312	1001	76	Lucile Bunker
West Central States	1396	1375	98	Marteal W. Hendricks
Western Canadian	527	440	83	Elizabeth H. Zimmerman
Western States	1093	1102	101	Mildred P. Elggren

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Reba O. Carling

MONUMENT PARK STAKE (UTAH) OBSERVES ANNIVERSARY DAY WITH A GIFT TO THE RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING

Front row, seated, left to right: Leola Hatch, President, Monument Park Eighth Ward Relief Society; Reba O. Carling, President, Monument Park Stake Relief Society; Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society; Gladys Hedgepeth, President, Monument Park First Ward Relief Society; Myrtle Horne, President, Monument Park Second Ward Relief Society.

Back row, standing, left to right: Dorcus Seymore, President, Monument Park Seventh Ward Relief Society; Emma Longson, President, Monument Park Fifth Ward; Helen Lach, Counselor, Monument Park Ninth Ward; Alice Christiansen, President, Monument Park Fourth Ward; Hazel Jorgensen, President, Monument Park Third Ward; Echo Bean, President, Monument Park Sixth Ward.

President Reba O. Carling reports: "The week of our 114th anniversary has been the most outstanding and important week in the history of the Monument Park Stake Relief Society. Each ward reviewed the history of our organization in dramatization, music, and inspirational talks. Former general president of Relief Society, Amy Brown Lyman, gave intimate glances into the lives of our Nauvoo Relief Society women. Other features were added, and, in all, there was a mixture of laughter, smiles, and tears, as our appreciation for Relief Society was expressed.

"The week's activity was climaxed by a stake social honoring Relief Society, its former presidents, and especially our present President Belle S. Spafford. Emphasis was given on the responsibility of our present presidency in planning and building our new Relief Society home, as it stands in the shadow of the temple, a monument to the women of the Church. Robin Bennion sang 'How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings,' before the delightful talk by Velma N. Simonsen, Second Counselor in the General Presidency of Relief Society. Spicing her remarks with bits of humor, Sister Simonsen presented the background of the building and the sacrifices made by the sisters who have looked forward to the time when Relief Society would have a home of its own.

"With organ background music, each ward president and the stake president presented Sister Spafford with a red rose as each wished her a happy anniversary. To climax this, a surprise was in store — concealed in an envelope and attached to each rose was a birthday greeting and a check for $50, amounting, in all, to $500 for the new building.

"Seventy Singing Mothers, under the direction of Phylis Hansen, and accompanied by Bernice Engman, sang 'Bless This House' and 'King of Glory.'

"President Carling stated that the sisters did not want to spend the money unwisely and get a duplicate of some other gift, or something that might not be in keeping with the decorating. She asked that the money be used as seemed most fitting to beautify the building.

"President Spafford expressed her love for the sisters and her appreciation for the money, which would be a help in decorating the building."

Photograph submitted by Amanda B. Hancock

NORTH WEBER STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, January 15, 1956

Standing in the front row, eleventh from the left, Amanda B. Hancock, President, North Weber Stake Relief Society; at Sister Hancock's right: First Counselor Cecile Barnes and Second Counselor Gladys P. Wayment. At Sister Hancock's left: Drucilla Lee, chorister; Voletta B. Blanch, organist; Dora Hull, Secretary.

Elizabeth S. Stewart, who played the accompaniment on the organ, was absent when the picture was taken.

An original and beautiful arrangement of patriotic songs was conducted by Voletta Blanch; other numbers were conducted by Drucilla Lee. Each of the nine wards of the stake was represented. One hundred nine Singing Mothers participated.

Photograph submitted by Myrle B. Johansen

EMERY STAKE (UTAH), HUNTINGTON SECOND WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR SIX YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Laura Brown; Hetty Anderson; Margaret Grange; Rose Grange; Gertrude Gordon; Flora Manchester; Zelma Brady.

Second row, standing, left to right: Ivy Brasher; Hannah Johnson; Jennie Wakefield; Mabel Guymon; May Klecker; Morell Nelson, former ward president; Opal Anderson, former ward president; Mary Green.

Third row, standing, left to right: Flora Jensen; Mary Brown; Ida Colby; Margaret Young; Maud Anderson; Addie Richards; Rachel Staker; Catherine Gordon.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Della Brasher; Mildred Johnson; Revella Sitterud; Lucille Kinder; Hilda Wilson; Mabel Young.

Back row, standing, left to right: June Green; Edith Collard; Ruth O. Brasher; Libby Gordon; Marie Cowley; Merle Grange; Ione Nielson, President; Rena Grange.

Myrle B. Johansen is president of Emery Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by LaPrele Mertz

EAST LONG BEACH STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, January 1956

Front row, seated left to right: Fern Marcroft; Lois Patterson; Arva Eggleston; Ruby Choate; Colleen Henshall; Vonda Cottle; Virginia Leenders.

Second row, left to right: Leola Crenshaw; Helen Burt; Beulah Wolffenstein; Carol Daniels; President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve; Elder J. Leonard Love of the Church Welfare Committee; Elder Max A. Bryan, President, Long Beach Stake; Florence Halford; Ellen Nicholson; Doris Bascom; Evelyn Brown.

Third row, left to right: Shirley Howarth; Geraldine Hobbs; Frances Fults; Marjorie Hetrick, organist; Verda Mecham; Aleth Nix; Yvonne Holtsclaw; Jackie Ridley.

Fourth row, left to right: Florence Evans; May Robins; Zola Malone; Elizabeth Smith; Mabel Rice; Janet Tincher, chorister; Geraldine Warner; Alice Robinson; Susie Ellsmore; Rosalie Leavitt.

Fifth row, left to right: Cleone Millett; Ruth Snowball; Ila Wheatfield; Macel Handy; Venna Black; Mary Chase, assistant organist; Dorothy Cartwright; Helen Sims; Lillian Bergstrom; Martha Huntley; LaPrele Mertz, President, Long Beach Stake Relief Society; Margaret Bryan.

Photograph submitted by Florence S. Jacobsen

EASTERN STATES MISSION, DOVER (PENNSYLVANIA) BRANCH BAZAAR

Left to right: Betty Page; Beverly Crawford, First Counselor; Shirley Grange, Secretary; DeEtta Henderson, President.

Florence S. Jacobsen, President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society, reports: "Dover Branch Relief Society was organized October 3, 1954, with three members. A new member has been added recently. What a joy this group is. They begin meeting promptly at 7:30, conduct the Relief Society lessons, and close promptly at 9:00 o'clock. They have a Singing Mothers chorus, carry out the Sunday evening services as outlined by the Relief Society, in March and November, sending out handmade programs and invitations, have one hundred per cent subscriptions to the *Magazine*, have a full program of bazaars and money making projects, and carry on visiting teaching, having divided the branch into two districts. Their happiness and enthusiasm are like a tonic."

Photograph submitted by Mary G. Shirley

NORTH REXBURG STAKE (IDAHO), REXBURG FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR FOUR YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Edith Hansen; Grace Smith, Second Counselor; Olive Webster; Zell Groves; Nell Porter; Dorothy Winter; Myrtle Richman, Secretary; Sara Scow; Laura Zollinger.

Second row, standing, left to right: Mable Reno; Ella Potter; May Covington; Gladys Huskinson; Myrtle Garner, President, Rexburg First Ward Relief Society; Arvella Wheelwright; Ruby Webster; Myrle Parkinson; Hazel Brown; Sophia Saurey.

Back row, standing, left to right: Ada Sharp; Vicon Cole; Ruth Moedl; Letha Covington, First Counselor; Laura Jenson; Mabel Chantrill; Nellie Roylance; Tacy Winter.

Myrtle Garner is president of Rexburg First Ward Relief Society and Mabel Chantrill is visiting teacher supervisor.

Mary G. Shirley is president of North Rexburg Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Emeline W. Marley

PORTNEUF STAKE (IDAHO), DOWNEY WARD SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT CANTATA "CAROLS OF CHRISTMAS," December 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Erma Cherry; Iva Lou Jensen; Ruth Jones; Helen Jensen; Hazel Nielsen; Venna Criddle; Lavessa Carson; Ona Whitaker, director.

Second row, left to right: Cheryl Moses; Lola Savage; Marjean Criddle; Delores Bloxham; Carol Davis; Oveda Alder; Kathleen Criddle; Nola Fallows.

Back row, left to right: Laurine Hancock; Doreen Curtis; Lila Barnes, Secretary, Downey Ward Relief Society; Joy Bybee; Colleen Baker; Marlyn Barnes; Myrna Larson; Flora Gambles; Jackie Salvesen; Betty Glad, accompanist.

Fern Hartvigsen, President, Downey Ward Relief Society, reports: "This group of Singing Mothers was organized shortly after the Downey Ward was divided three years ago and have held regular practices and have been of much service to the ward and to Relief Society. Sister Whitaker, the director, has endeavored to keep this group balanced and has also used the singing as an incentive to bring the women out to sacrament meetings and to Relief Society, and, in some cases, to get them interested in Church activities again."

Sister Hartvigsen's counselors are Orissa Salvesen and Nellie Christensen.

Emeline W. Marley is president of Portneuf Stake Relief Society.

A Rug in Dutch Butter Mold Design

Elizabeth Williamson

THIS design has been adapted from an old butter mold for a hooked rug design. It is very effective in Colonial, Early American, or Pennsylvania Dutch style homes. The colors chosen should harmonize with the walls and furniture.

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My Legacy

Margaret S. Fife

MY Grandmother's ring — a plain, wide band of gold, of beauty, is unmarred by imperfection, as are my memories of her who wore it. It is a bit of precious metal for one beloved, upon her wedding day, treasure that is mine—a golden circle that brings tears into my eyes, and dreams of hands I watched in childhood.

A flour-dusted ring and rolling pin, and cherries picked and stoned, and pies fresh baked for tired sons, whose weary teams plodded up the tree-lined lane. A flash of gold, as quick, firm hands cracked nuts and stirred a rich, black-walnut cake. A brilliant glint caught by the morning sun, as pridefully she set her roses, and gathered babies' breath to hang through winter until next Memorial Day. The muted cluck of laying hens, as strong brown hands with a golden ring took new-laid eggs from rows of straw-filled nests. The flash of gold, as warm, sweet-smelling milk filled wide, round pans which then were taken to cooling rooms below. The burnished band again among the thorns, then sugared berries in their juice, and thick, yellow cream.

A golden band, nearly covered, as it pushed deep down in quick and snapping dough. Then spreading fresh jam on warm, thick-crusted bread with rising rolls high in the warming oven. A twinkling ring, as tiny stitches formed my wedding quilts. Tears on her ring, hands clasped in prayer for one dear grandchild's life.

A ring on hands well used, wisely firm in discipline, gentle in devotion—on hands worn rough in service—hands schooled in helping when a friend had need.

A ring bestowed in youth, with love and faith, and prayer, worn thin with age—a symbol of a dream fulfilled—of home, and strength, and wisdom from years lived to their fullness.

"Each day must something new be learned, or count that day as lost . . . ."

A priceless thing to learn from one dearly loved, a product of a mind kept keen through living well.

All these, and more, are gifts that live with me — my memories of one choice among the chosen. A precious legacy have I, as on my hand I wear a new simple band of gold — a ring that binds me fast to days long gone, days rich with life, and each one blessed with touches of her hand.

For My Mother

Christie Lund Coles

White-winged your hair
Above your time-seamed face,
Quiet your hands
That once made bridal lace;

Deep, deep the stream
Of all your memories,
Of youth and love
And summer ecstasies;

Deep, too, my love
And tinged by rushing fear,
For the moment when
You will not be here.

Can my tears tell,
On this your special day,
What my heart feels . . .
What my lips cannot say?

Repentance

Kate Richards

It is sinful to deny support to the repentant one, and has a tendency to delay the day of his full repentance. Have faith in his efforts; it will help to make them sincere.

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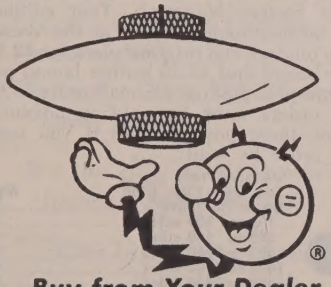

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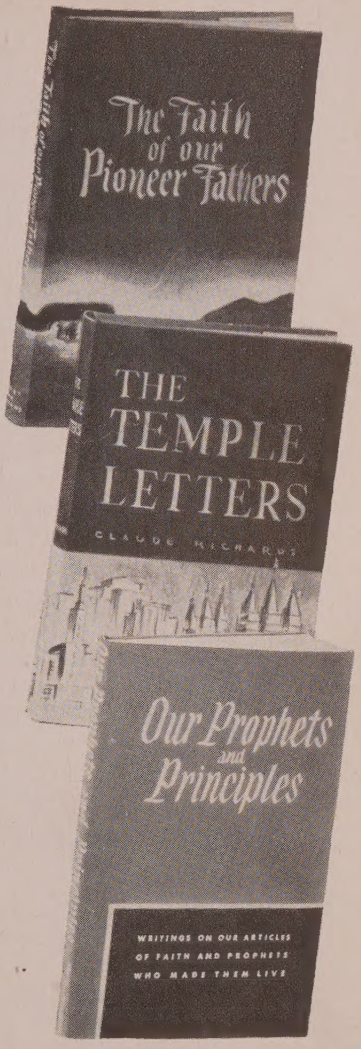
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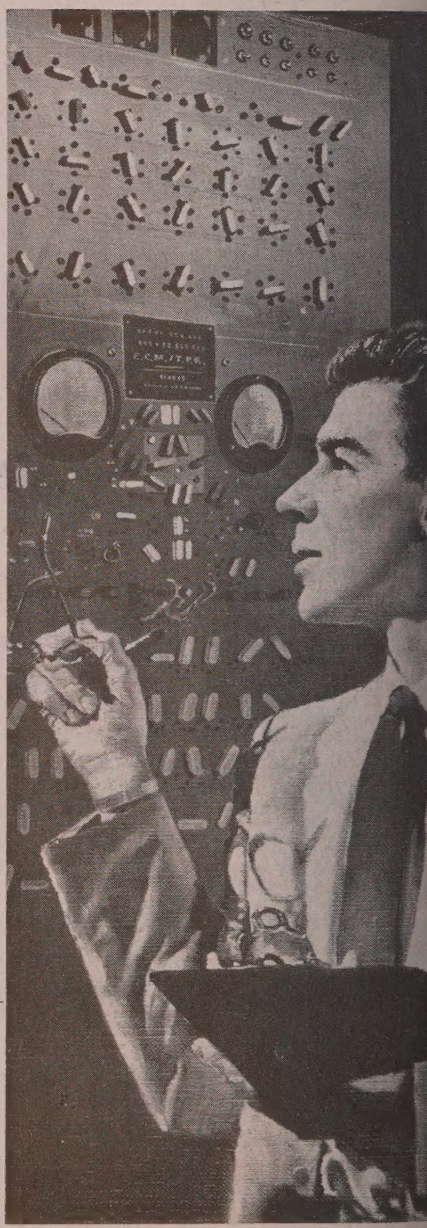

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